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THE LITERARY WEEK

THE question that young writers of genius ought to consider at the present moment is whether or no it is possible to invent a new form of novel. The flatness characteristic of this class of composition to-day is undeniable, and so hackneyed has the writing of novels become that it is a weariness to begin again to tread one of the old paths. For the tribe of novelists has been of the follow-my-leader variety. Only once in the course of several centuries has a writer been bold enough to make a convention for himself. Were it not that the material is ever fresh and the variations of human life and human love infinite, the novel could not have existed as long as it has done. It may be said, so far so its modern existence is concerned, to have been started with "Don Quixote," but it has been the custom of all the great practitioners of novel-writing to modify and adapt their model.

Thus "Gil Blas," though it was inspired by the masterpiece of Cervantes, became informed with a humour and a philosophy entirely French. Le Sage, though not too proud to learn from the master of his art, did not try to become a Spaniard, but maintained the purity of his own bright and smiling genius. His irony differs not in degree but in kind from that of Cervantes. Again, Fielding, after studying the same model, produced a "Tom Jones" with sufficient likeness to make it part of the school then recently started, and yet, too, retaining its author's own powerful individuality. It was in literature as in architecture. The mere bookman says that we borrowed this and the other thing from Italy, from France, and from Germany; but what we took we so modified that our houses and public buildings became absolutely English, and so it was with our novels. Sir Walter Scott had carefully read Fielding and was undoubtedly his follower and disciple; but, again, having loved and assimilated the romance of the Border and of Scotland, he put these special belongings into his work so that the Waverley novel became something quite distinct from that of Henry Fielding. As much can be said of Thackeray, George Eliot, and Charles Dickens. Each of these added a personal note.

A very similar history ran in another channel from Fielding. His contemporary, Richardson, started on a line of his own and inspired followers of a very different character. It was not only that his system of writing novels by letters was opposed to the ordinary narrative style, but his minute analysis of the feminine mind and his exaggeration of certain of its characteristics appealed more to Frenchmen than to Englishmen, and accordingly we have a long stream of French literature that has Richardson as its source.

But a characteristic of the period of literary decay is that what was previously intelligent study of the master is replaced by servile imitation. During the last ten or fifteen years we have had some thousands of cloak-and-dagger stories, each bearing the closest family resemblance to the others. We have had George Eliot imitated and repeated in a minor key. Dickens has been copied; and if the servile followers of Thackeray are fewer, that is simply because of the difficulty in making even a colourable imitation of his style. But it would be the greatest mistake in the world to imagine that anything like finality has been seen. The young novelist may take heart of grace and remember that human life may be pictured more poignantly and more vigorously than it ever has been before, when the writer arrives with intelligence enough to understand the technique of his craft as it was practised by the greatest English masters of it, and with the originality to work out his plan on entirely new lines. Before, dramatic effect was gained by the clash of physical strength with physical strength. Now, as we are becoming more and more intellectual, the novel must be a wrestling of spirit with spirit. And in regard to romance mere sword-play can now be put aside, probably for ever. Yet the necromancy of the present day is more astonishing than that of any past age. People are always prone to praise what has been done and they forget the wonder and the enchantment in the midst of which they live. Whoever can seize these difficult elements and present them as they should be presented may not, perhaps, sell his book by hundreds of thousands, but he will lay the foundation of a fame which no one else seems for the moment capable of achieving.

The sale of Shiplake vicarage will recall Tennyson's marriage, which took place fifty-five years ago next Tuesday. The vicar of Shiplake at that time was the Rev. Robert Drummond Burrell Rawnsley, a Lincolnshire man, and a cousin of the bride, who was married from the vicarage. Tennyson had been a frequent visitor there, and though the building has received several additions, his room may still be seen. It was at Shiplake that he wrote the well-known stanzas of "In Memoriam" beginning: "Sad Hesper o'er the buried sun," and here his signature, written in a bold firm hand, may be inspected in the marriage register.

Nor is Tennyson the only writer whose name is connected with the vicarage. Here, in days of old, Samuel Johnson and Horace Walpole enjoyed the hospitality of James Granger, the eccentric vicar and a well-known print collector, whose name has entered the English language. In 1769 he published a biographical history of England, with blank leaves for the reception of portraits or other pictorial illustrations of the text; whence arose the pernicious vice of Grangerising, which has resulted in the mutilation of many a fine volume. Granger stated in the preface to his history that his ambition was to be an honest man, and no doubt he would be extremely shocked if he could be informed of some of the results of his innovation.

We alluded last week to the fact that John Harvard's mother was a native of Stratford-on-Avon. Americans will be interested to hear that her house there is to be sold next month. It is a black and white timbered structure of three storeys, adorned with a gable, and is one of the oldest and perhaps the best remaining example of domestic architecture in the town. In this house Katherine Rogers lived from 1596 until her marriage with Robert Harvard, and to it she may have come with her little son John to attend the funeral of her father. Her wedding took place from the house in 1605. Considering the overshadowing fame of Shakespeare it is not remarkable that this house has attracted so little attention, and allusions to it in any English books except guide-books are by no means easy to find. Perhaps some American will buy it for transportation to Boston.

Is American literature in any way influencing English literature? Sir Gilbert Parker answers the question in the negative in the *Book Monthly*—rightly, beyond a doubt, if his remarks are to be understood as applying only to the productions of the current hour. In the past, American literature has, in one or two cases, and in one or two directions, exerted influence. Fenimore Cooper was one of the anticipators of the romanticism of the thirties, and so influenced other writers besides Gustave Aimard. Emerson affected English thought by giving the transcendentalism of Kant a meaning which may not have been Kant's, but was at any rate intelligible to the plain man.

Edgar Allan Poe gave the hint to Stevenson, who in his turn foreshadowed Sherlock Holmes—a brave pedigree for such a horse!—and some have supposed that Mr. W. S. Gilbert owes something of his metrical mastery to a study of Poe; not Poe the theorist with his mathematical schemes, but Poe the poet. Sir Gilbert Parker himself, we should say, owes something to Bret Harte; and the influence of Mr. Howells and Mr. Henry James on our English fiction is too obvious to need the mention of instances. Whitman, that lonely star, has not exercised an influence so much as provided a mark for imitation; but there is one instance, at least, of an English poet who drew from him inspiration for original work. We refer to Henley, whose hospital poems in "A Book of Verses" and other of his works are clearly (and, we believe, confessedly) influenced by Whitman. Another American poet to whom Henley was indebted was Longfellow. The manner of:

"In the street of Bye-and-bye
Stands the hostelry of Never,"

is Longfellow's all over.

The influence of Oliver Wendell Holmes, too, can be traced, not so much in our books as in our journals, and he may be found on every page of those. As to Hawthorne, he is baffling. His genesis is clear enough; but just as he was the child, not of the literature, but of the daily life of his time and country, so he appears to have no literary succession.

An article in *Temple Bar*, entitled "The Philosophy of Aubrey de Vere," though it fails to present a definite philosophy at all, recalls an interesting but almost forgotten figure. To all save those who remember the eccentric, clad in a jacket of velvet, who paid occasional visits to the Athenaeum, De Vere is but a name. It has been his fate to be outshone by the light which Wordsworth shed upon his age. Born at Curragh Chase, living his life there in a peace "man did not make and cannot mar," isolation gave De Vere an outlook on life so detached and so lofty that it induced his friends to declare that only his feet touched earth. Religion certainly occupied the poet's mind, but Mr. Michael Barrington is scarcely correct in maintaining that "the poetry and philosophy of Christianity were the most absorbing subject of De Vere's imaginative meditation." Christianity was wholly alien from his thought when he wrote that part of "The Foray of Queen Meave" which recounts the prowess of Cuchullain of Muirthemne; there is no trace of it in his other poems of Irish lore; and it played a secondary part in his sonnets and short pieces. Poetry, we take it, reflects the poet's meditation.

A youthful friend of Wordsworth, the intimate, in later years, of Tennyson, De Vere possessed a sincere reverence for contemporary, as for all other poetry, but he seldom imitated, and "Alexander: a dramatic poem" was a failure. He was to be unconventional in his choice of themes, and he would succeed despite his unconventionality. "The first of themes sung last of all" was not to be his; so he turned to the legends of his own country. And it is when he sings of these legends that he is really arresting. All that love of the mysterious which led him to the Church

of Rome is concentrated in his presentation of the primal instincts: the lust of battle, as in "The Foray of Queen Meave," the fierceness of race antipathies, as in "Bard Ethell," the hunger for revenge, the instinctive friendship and the instinctive hatred of warrior for warrior. Simplicity was the keynote of De Vere's verse, and by simplicity he gains his effects, as in "Oiseen and Saint Patrick," where the warrior and the bard are at difference, and in his pretty fancy, "Smiles are the wrinkles of our youth."

It has been urged against Aubrey de Vere that he was an idealist; but he was never wholly that. He had a high opinion of individual and collective human worth; yet he was always keenly alive to the possibility of disillusionment. Friendship—to him truest of all human ties—filled all that was lacking in his life; and Mr. Barrington is happy in his comparison between De Vere's friendships with Miss Fenwick and Sara Coleridge, the daughter of S. T. C., and that of John Evelyn the Diarist and Margaret Godolphin. Though the poet dwelt, in a sense, in the clouds, he was the friend of all the world, and sorrow touched him deeply. No man who had not suffered acute grief could have penned the sonnet on Sorrow, or presented so graphic a picture of Ireland in 1864 as did De Vere. Opening with a vision of spring, he traces the passage of the seasons and the growth of the famine till, with the advent of winter, we hear the voices of the famine-stricken, hoarse from starvation, lie down and lose themselves in death. "To-morrow Aubrey De Vere will be here; will you not be pleased to see him?" once asked Sir William Rowan Hamilton of his son, a child in years, a man in thought. "Thinking of Latin, and thinking of trouble, and thinking of God, I had quite forgotten Aubrey de Vere," answered the boy. And so the world, preoccupied, has forgotten.

Spring cleaning is probably over by now in most houses, but the following "tip" for cleaning books without spreading dirt over them again as fast as they are cleaned may be of interest to our readers. We take it from the thirty-fourth Annual Report of the Grand Rapids Public Library, Michigan, U.S.A. The library has lately been moved to a new building, and the method of cleaning was as follows:

"Several men and women were hired to do the heavy work. The men took the books from the shelves and placed them upon library trucks, being careful to keep them in their proper order. When a truck was full it was wheeled to a point near an open window, where a tub of water was standing. Half a dozen galvanised tubs had been rented for the purpose, and were kept full of fresh water. The men would take two books from the truck and first clap them together, knocking dust and dirt from the surface into the water. Then each book was taken separately, opened over the tub, and the leaves aired by holding the back up, with one cover horizontal, and allowing the leaves to fall rapidly, thus emptying the book of any loose objects it might contain. It was a marvel to the workers to see how the water absorbed the dirt. The variety of objects that fell from the books was surprising, and included combs, hair-pins, matches, tooth-picks, string, scraps of cloth and paper, hair ribbons, shoe-strings, feathers, and many other objects too numerous to mention; in fact, everything almost that would be placed in a book—except money. Meanwhile one of the women had thoroughly cleaned the shelves, and when the truck was wheeled back, another removed the books and, carefully wiping them with a cloth, placed them back on the shelves as before."

The difficulties which arose over the interpretation of a clause in Mr. G. F. Watts' will providing for the distribution of certain of the artist's pictures amongst the public galleries, were happily settled on Monday by the approval of a scheme suggested by a committee of selection. Over a hundred works are to be placed in the Limnerslease Gallery, for which Mrs. Watts has promised to provide a maintenance fund, and sixteen portraits, including that of the artist himself, are to be retained there until they can be presented to the National Portrait Gallery. *Alice* is to go to the National Gallery of Art of New South Wales; *Mischief* to the National Gallery, Princes Street, Edinburgh; *Faith, Hope, and Charity* to the National Gallery Dublin; *Echo* to the Nottingham Art Gallery; *The Record*,

ing Angel, *The Court of Death*, and *The People that Sat in Darkness*, to the Manchester Art Gallery; and *A Study for the Court of Death* and *Britomart* to the Norwich Art Gallery. The study in gesso of "Physical Energy"—which stood lately in the courtyard at Burlington House—is to be used for making a bronze statue for London, and will afterwards form part of the collection at Limnerslease.

We have received from the publishers, Messrs. King, Sell and Olding, an interesting addendum to Mr. Heath's book, "Our Stellar Universe," reviewed in our columns on April 29. It consists of six stereograms of the sun and stars, prepared by Mr. Heath so as to give the eyes some conception of the starry heavens as space of three dimensions. The success of Mr. Heath's ingenious plan is really remarkable, and adds to our already expressed regret that human eyes can never directly see the majestic perspective of the skies. We may note that Mr. Heath's work in this regard excited much interest at the recent conversazione of the Royal Society.

Admirers of Lamennais are probably aware that his published correspondence is incomplete, some four hundred letters that he wrote to Madame Yeméniz not being included in it. Madame Yeméniz was the wife of a wealthy silk merchant at Lyon, and an intimate friend of the lonely scholar. At one period, fearing that the Jesuits would tamper with his letters to her, he asked her to send them back to him, but she refused. Thereupon Lamennais, furious at the refusal, dissociated himself from everything contained in the correspondence. About one-tenth of it is now in course of publication in the *Revue de Paris*, the first letter being dated 1826, when Lamennais was at the height of his fame. The correspondence, which seems to have been interrupted at the time of the rupture with Rome, was resumed in 1836 and continued until 1851. It contains some interesting details about Lamennais' imprisonment at Sainte-Pélagie.

We mentioned, the other day, that John Stuart Mill's house at Avignon was for sale. His library, including some manuscripts and notes, has been acquired by Madame Roumanille, the widow of the founder of the Félibrige. The hope is expressed by a French contemporary that some of the philosopher's posthumous fragments may now be published. These are said to include an unfinished essay on Auguste Comte, and a long study entitled "On social freedom."

Our notes on the visitors' book at Les Charmettes remind a correspondent of an entry which he once saw made in the visitors' book at Voltaire's house at Ferney:

"I drove there," he writes, "with a Cook's party in a waggonette. One of my companions was a German who asked the most intelligent questions, and displayed the keenest enthusiasm. We all expected, when the visitors' book was brought out, that he would be sure to write something rhapsodical in it. Not at all. He just stamped the page with a rubber stamp. Following him, I had the curiosity to read what he had printed there. The entry ran: DR. SCHMIDT: Frankfurt-am-Oder: FRAUEN-ARTZ."

Evidently the passion for using visitors' books for purposes of *réclame* is not confined to Frenchmen.

The English edition of Mr. George Santayana's volume on "Reason in Common Sense" was published, as it happened, on or about the very day on which our review of the American edition appeared in last week's number of the ACADEMY. With it comes a second volume, that on "Reason in Society." The publishers are Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co., and the price of each volume is 5s. net.

Mrs. Steuart Erskine, who wrote the very successful volume on "Lady Diana Beauclerk" some two years ago, has in preparation a book entitled "Beautiful Women in History and Art." In it an attempt will be made to present a connected history of the lives of some of the most beautiful and distinguished women of the past, accompanied by authentic portraits in photogravure. The work will be published in the early autumn by Messrs. Bell.

LITERATURE

THE LAMB LETTERS

The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb, Edited by E. V. LUCAS. Vols. vi. and vii., *Letters*. (Methuen, 7s. 6d. each).

MR. LUCAS is to be congratulated at once upon his knowledge, energy and patience. No other man has done so much work as he towards introducing the public to Lamb, in a spirit at once individual and sympathetic. And here certainly is the largest, richest edition of the Letters which has been published, clearly superior to some in size, to others in the quality and scope of the notes, and to all as a book that is easy and pleasant to read.

The letters of Lamb contain probably the most complete revelation of a man, body, soul and clothes, that has yet been made by poet, novelist, letter-writer, diarist or auto-biographer. It would be rash to compare them with the diary of Pepys, because we can live with Lamb, where (if we choose) we see Pepys only through a chink. This alone would explain their reputation. Their popularity, on the other hand, comes from a more or less conscious comparison of the letters with the pure, the terse, the old letters of Sir Henry Wotton, Cowper's, with all their grace and sweetness and pride and mystery, Byron's sense and power, Shelley's picturesqueness, the pungency and leisure and self-knowledge of FitzGerald; Lamb having their qualities more completely or having more or better neighbours for them. For no other man has reached just the combination of self-consciousness and self-surrender which, because it is perfect in Lamb, has come to seem the letter-writer's proper gift. In Lamb, once only, the charm of egoism is equalled by the power of unselfishness, so that it is hard to say whether he or the rest made the better half of his world. These things everybody knows. Lamb is fashionable. His whims, his style—which are good because they are entirely his—are in danger of being flattered, where admiration should rather choose a less easy path than imitation.

The greatest and most remarkable of the attractions of these letters is their consistency with Lamb's literary work. It is an almost unique consistency and certainly unique in its degree. In most other writers, the apparent discrepancy between their letters and their art has been so great that a man may be excused for leaving the one or the other alone. Suppose an average man to have the poetry and the letters of Keats, for example. The self-revelation in the letters to Miss Brawne is great; it is great in "Hyperion"; but the task, which is not lightly avoided, of relating the two modes of revelation, is likely to alarm any one of moderate leisure and powers; the letters, on the one hand, are so diffuse, so disabled by the lack of accent—of handwriting and a thousand little methods of expression which a letter-writer may trust in—that, however they may excite our curiosity or pity or horror or contempt, few will undertake to prove that they were written by the author of "The Ode on a Grecian Urn." If one could read Coleridge's or Shelley's letters before reading his poetry, would one's guesses at the poetry on the strength of the letters be worth anything? or could one guess at Wotton's verses from his letters to Walton and Dinely? But nobody would be accused of over-confidence if he should say that after reading twenty pages of Lamb's letters he could only be faintly surprised and continually delighted by the essays. Thus the letters and essays, tales and verses of Lamb altogether make a more complete picture of an artist, a human being, than is likely to be made again by the maker of riddles; and one is reminded inevitably of:

"I hate a lukewarm artist. I have known actors—and some of them of Elliston's own stamp—who shall have agreeably been amusing you in the part of a rake or a coxcomb, through the two or three hours of their dramatic existence; but no sooner does the curtain fall, with its leaden clatter, but a spirit of lead seems to seize on all their faculties.

They emerge sour, morose persons, intolerable to their families, servants etc. Another shall have been expanding your heart with generous deeds and sentiments, till it even beats with yearnings of universal sympathy; you absolutely long to go home, and do some good action. The play seems tedious, till you can get fairly out of the house, and realise your laudable intentions. At length the final bell rings, and this cordial representative of all that is amiable in human breasts steps forth—a miser. Elliston was more of a piece."

Lamb was entirely of a piece. Whether he was always the artist or always the man, or whether there is such a distinction—cannot be decided here.

If these passages following were read by one who did not know Lamb, which would be put down to the letters, which to the essays? Set this, for example:

"Those marble busts of the Emperors, they seemed as if they were to stand for ever, as they had stood from the living days of Rome, in that old Marble Hall, and I to partake of their permanency; Eternity was, while I thought not of Time. But he thought of me, and they are toppled down, and corn covers the spot of the noble old Dwelling and its princely gardens. I feel like a grasshopper that chirping about the grounds escaped his scythe only by my littleness. Even now he is whetting one of his smallest razors to clean wipe me out, perhaps."

beside this:

"Why, every plank and panel of that house for me had magic in it. The tapestried bedrooms—tapestry so much better than painting—not adorning merely, but peopling the wainscots—at which childhood ever and anon would steal a look, shifting its coverlid (replaced as quickly) to exercise its tender courage in a momentary eye-encounter with those stern bright visages, staring reciprocally—all Ovid on the walls, in colours vivider than his descriptions. Actaeon in mid sprout, with all the unappeasable prudery of Diana; and the still more provoking, and almost culinary coolness of Dan Phœbus, eel-fashion, deliberately divesting of Marsyas."

and beside this:

"Richard knew my blind side when he pitched upon brawn. 'Tis of all my hobbies the supreme in the eating way. He might have sent sops from the pan, skimmings, crumplets, chips, hog's lard, the tender brown judiciously scalped from a fillet of veal (dexterously replaced by a salamander), the tops of asparagus, fugitive livers, runaway gizzards of fowls, the eyes of martyred pigs, tender effusions of laxative wood-cocks, the red spawn of lobsters, leverets' ears, and such pretty filchings common to cooks; but these had been ordinary presents, the everyday courtesies of dishwashers to their sweethearts. Brawn was a noble thought . . . *Præsens ut absens*, that is, your present makes amends for your absence."

No reader of Lamb, because every reader of Lamb is an epicure, would fail to say at once which came from the letters and which from the essays. Another might fail, yet he would not consequently accuse the essayist or the letter-writer. Hear a page or two from either read aloud by some person of a clear and soft voice who is not an elocutionist and you have something more like a resurrection than most of us will ever experience. But we will quote no more, because one always overlooks the best, just as in a marked Vergil the best things are usually between the marked lines.

If Lamb is invariably consistent, he is, like all great artists, open to an infinite variety of interpretations. Yet, though some of his best readers have also been his editors, it is doubtful whether there is much right in their common assumption that every one desires to have the letters thoroughly explained. Each in turn has proudly made it evident that if only editors last long enough, in the millennium there will be two small volumes of letters playing the part of *apéritif* to a library of notes. Now, as it seems to us, the inventor of the Cash Register should at once be asked for a similar machine to take the place of the brains or cerebral cavities of the thousands of literary men, lawyers, gentlemen, and others who not only imbibe immense information concerning Lamb and the persons who met him in the street, but exude it in public. This machine would incidentally have the advantage of producing in rapid succession all the possible combinations of the few thousands of words which are used by ordinary men—for the notes may take away half the effect of Lamb. For example, if a man reads the sonnet ending:

"To the green plains of pleasant Hertfordshire,"
and is reminded of William Vallan's

"The fruitful fields of pleasant Hertfordshire,"

he likes to be reminded of it; but if he is not, will he welcome it in a note? He will comfortably think of Terence, as we did, when he reads "propino tibi alterandum, cut-up-andum, abridgandum," and he will like to feel himself a discoverer, but not to find it in a note, when his pleasure will be simply that of admiring Mr. Lucas, who explains nearly everything, has conjectures for nearly all that remains, and goes to the trouble of mentioning the things which he cannot explain. It is one thing to read a man whose mind is full of the past and to discover the past in it, and it is a fine thing, and one of the greatest joys to a reader of Keats or Lamb; but to know that it has been discovered is another thing. Setting aside this prejudice, we admire Mr. Lucas continually. His notes are not only numerous and sound, but where possible they reveal a most genial human being at work. Of all the editions which have aimed at the same kind of excellence as his, no other is to be compared with it for excellence or abundance.

His object has been to print as many letters and as fully as possible, and to include Mary Lamb's. A few passages repugnant to the decency of modern print, though not to conversation or letters, are still omitted. In one case, at least, some lines of a letter "about family affairs" are omitted. Other letters include family affairs; but Mr. Lucas' temper inspires confidence. Altogether, he prints five hundred and ninety-six letters, including hardly any of the ten-word notes which some editors like; and of these a number are new, and a very large number have been copied afresh from the originals. Of the new letters, some are unimportant, none is printed without some excuse, and some are of the first rank. Even the short notes include this:

"I come, Grimalkin! Dalston, near Hackney, 27th Octr one thousand 8 hundred and twenty one years and a wee-bit since you and I were redeemed. I doubt if *you* are done properly yet."

There is an excellent long one about George Dyer; a note to Wordsworth accompanying an "Elia":

"There is nothing in my pages which a lady may not read aloud without indecorum, which is more than can be said of Shakespeare";

a good bookish one to the same; and one from Mary Lamb telling Mrs. Coleridge that Hazlitt's daughter "is so fond of my brother that she stops strangers in the street to tell them when Mr. Lamb is coming to see her." The letter to Lucy Barton, which Thackeray pressed to his forehead when he said "Saint Charles," is printed as if it had never been printed before; but it is in Mr. Macdonald's edition, with some differences. The freshly copied letters we could never examine line for line. But in the first letter there are two or three pieces not in Ainger or the last edition, and differences in the punctuation and paragraphing; and to the letter of January 10, 1797, Mr. Lucas adds twenty new lines of criticism and half a dozen sentences here and there. The many illustrations, and especially the little cuts in the notes, of Hollingdon rural church for example, are good. In short, Mr. Lucas seems to have come near to an inaccessible perfection, as well as to have produced the best edition of the Letters.

THE "PEACE" OF ARISTOPHANES

The Peace of Aristophanes. Edited, with Introduction, Critical Notes, and Commentary, by H. SHARPLEY. (Blackwood, 12s. 6d. net.)

MR. SHARPLEY comes from Corpus Christi College, Oxford, but his edition is somehow more suggestive of Cambridge than of Oxford, dealing as it does more with exegetical and critical questions than with aesthetic and historical considerations. Not that the latter are neglected, as the excellent Introduction shows, but the chief strength of the book lies rather in what is sometimes called "pure scholarship," and it seems to be largely modelled on Mr. Starkey's admirable edition of the *Wasps*, to which, he says in the

preface, "I owe more than to any other book." Mr. Sharpley has made himself thoroughly acquainted with foregoing editions of the play and with "much good work in various classical periodicals." We would say that he is slightly too much biased in favour of the manuscript reading even when it cannot be right. For instance, we read in 129, 130 that the beetle was the only winged creature that made its way to the gods, and Aesop is quoted as the authority for the statement. But the scholiast tells us that the Aesopian fable related how the beetle had accomplished the feat to avenge himself on the eagle, who had stolen his grubs and taken refuge with Zeus. Therefore the eagle must have been with the gods before the beetle; therefore the beetle was not "the only one of winged things," *μόνος πετειών*, to reach the gods. Mr. Sharpley calls such criticism unsympathetic. But the Greek poets do not say silly things and ask for our sympathy. Aristophanes never wrote *μόνος πετειών*, whatever he wrote. Again, can *τρία καὶ δέκ'* *ἔτη* be sound in 990. The evidence excellently marshalled by Mr. Sharpley in his able Introduction shows that the *Peace* must have been produced in 421, the tenth year of the Peloponnesian War. Can some such word as *τριχακοί* "in sorriest case" underlie *τρία καὶ*? The adjective is not found elsewhere, but is quite justified by analogy, and its rarity would account for its corruption. It is idle to suppose that the poet antedates the war by three years, or that *τρία καὶ* means here merely "ever so long," a significance which it does not necessarily bear even in the passage from the *Plutus* quoted in defence of it. Another adjective, *τριβακοί*, "worn out," would meet the difficulty, but it is found only as applied to worn out clothes. Palmer's brilliant *θεῖον* for *σείων*, 960, is rejected for good reasons for Herwerden's *σείων τε*. There seems to be only one servant in attendance on Trygaeus, and fumigation would come before the dipping of the torch in the lustral water and the sprinkling of the altar.

But the place where the editor seems to us to deal worst with the text is in the famous passage 741-747, where he (with most modern editors) transposes 742 and 743. Let our readers consult the passage, which is too long to quote here; let them read the verses in the order in which they are given in the manuscripts, and correct *φεύγοντας* to *φεύζοντας*, "wailing, crying φεῦ," and we have a quite intelligible passage in praise of the poet's originality of method, which may be rendered roughly thus:

"He banish'd that ' Heracles making his cake'
—'Tis our gallant Poet's boast—
With his craving stomach, his *Oh's* and his *Ah's*
And his cozenings of mine Host,
Who is constantly getting a drubbing of course,
Just to make a bit of fun.
Our Poet, too, first cashier'd at once
Those stage-slaves every one
That, like Heracles, drown'd the stage with tears
For no possible reason, I wis,
But to give their fellow slaves a cue
For some time-honour'd joke like this:
'What punishment's come to your hide, old chum?
On your wretched ribs, alack!
Has the whip-lash made in force a raid,
And disforested your back?'"

Heracles "roars" in *Frogs*, 562. Aristophanes would not have used *φεύγοντας* ("exiled"), but *ἀποδράτας*, for runaway slaves.

A very good note on 639 establishes that *σείων* had in the argot of Comedy the meaning "to blackmail"—a metaphor from shaking fruit-trees according to Photius. If this be so we have a curiously parallel phrase in "shaking the Pagoda tree," by which our rude forefathers meant something not unlike blackmailing the Nabobs. Why does not the editor put in his text Van Leeuwen's "brilliant emendation," as he rightly calls it, *τε* *Αἴθεων* for *ἀραιόεων* (48), which removes a great difficulty as well as the only tolerable argument for an ancient revision of the play? And why does he say that the emendation "involves a procelesmatic in the second foot"? Surely *την* should be struck out as the interpolation *metri gratia* of some one

who did not know the niceties of the Ionic dialect, thought the *Αἴθεων* was dissyllabic, and wrote *αἰλίττεων* in the verse before.

The editor rightly gives *σκαταιβάτον* for *καταιβάτον* in 42, but we do not like Koch's *ἐπέριπομεν* for *ἐπαλομεν*, 874. Such a conjecture would have ruined the career of Thackeray's Archdeacon, who owed his promotion to the fact that "he introduced into a play of Aristophanes three new indecent puns by conjectural emendation." The dual form *τὰ αὐλέαι* is given in two passages in obedience to the uniform practice of inscriptions. Take notice, ye who are about to present yourselves for public examinations.

Mr. Sharpley is often very happy in his renderings, but he has missed some chances, e.g., "thoroughbred highflier," 76, "what a stinger!" 257, "kick all our things to bits," 319, "General Mat," 347, "pulverised," 380, "such as work in wood" (Rogers) 479, "meddler and muddler," 654, "made this man his figleaf at a pinch," 687, "holding a reception day" (with pun on holding out the hand for a bribe, Rogers), 909, "hands off the haunch" (Rogers), 1053; but the editor's "plume-onia" is better than Roger's "crest-ache" in 1211. The lines 246, 247 are mock-heroic, and may be rendered as a parody of a tragic passage:

"O Megara, Megara, how thou shalt be crushed
Ground and resolved eftsoons into a stew!"

We are surprised that the editor did not give in 1098 the now accepted reading of the Homeric passage:

ἢ πολέμου ἐραται ἐπιθυμίοο κριθετος.

The word *δικρύθεις* could have no meaning as applied to war. The edition is an excellent one of a play which is immortalised by the matchless idyll 1127-1171.

MR. ROBERT BRIDGES' MASK

Demeter: A Mask. By ROBERT BRIDGES. (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1s. net.)

THE first excellence of Mr. Bridges' mask of "Demeter and Persephone," and the most to be remembered, lies in the peculiarities of his version of the myth. For he takes away nothing from its simplicity and beauty as every one knows it, while the cunning of his invention and the dignity of the result seem to us to make his the version which, more than any other, can be enjoyed to-day. He may, indeed, be said to succeed, not entirely, but still nobly, not only in expressing the myth in such a way as to tell us what it probably meant to a Greek, but in adding to it—as martins' nests add to some rich architrave—a suggestion of the thoughts and emotions which have grown up around it in time. If one could suppose that the old gods, in Hades now, were to summon up their past sorrows by re-enacting the rape of Persephone, thus perhaps it would be played, or, if not, it could be no less worthily played. For not in vain have Christ and St. Francis died since Persephone was lost.

In the beginning, Hades prologises, announcing that Zeus has granted his wish to take Persephone as his queen in Hades:

"the Daughter
Of gentle-eyed Demeter; and her passion
Is for the flowers, and every tenderness
That I have long'd for in my fierce abodes."

The Oceanides, Persephone's companions, enter the fields of Enna, singing. Persephone and Athena and Artemis follow, and the girl, her basket filled with flowers, compares "the joy of earth" with "the balanc't calm of high Olympian state." The other goddesses reveal to her that there is an element in her emotion which is not in theirs, and is in man's: " 'Tis pity, child, . . . thy mighty mother leans to this tenderness"; and they explain the sadness of man:

"Alike, 'tis sad
To read how beauty dies and he must die."

Persephone is impatient of their wisdom, which depends upon immortality; she is drawn to man, and chooses what men shall hold consecrate to her:

"It is the flowers: but only among the flowers
Those that men love for beauty, scent, or hue." . . .

Studying the flowers, and choosing one which shall be her emblem, she strays alone, and Hades carries her off.

In the second act Demeter laments her loss and tells the nymphs of her seeking Persephone through the world in vain. She swears to destroy the world, Zeus and men, if he does not restore her daughter; she will cause the useless flowers to take the place of fruit and grain; and, though Hermes reminds her that her daughter is now "raised to a place on the tripartite throne," she gives him a message of cursing and defiance to Zeus.

In the third act, the nymphs try to persuade Demeter to relent, reminding her that her anger will be fatal to man. She relates the story of her wanderings . . . of her attempt, at Eleusis, to make sorrow a friend to man; but while she speaks, Hermes leads in Persephone, who has learned in Hades the wisdom Demeter has learned from men, of life and death. Persephone goes off with her mother to the spring festival at Eleusis.

The progress of the mask is admirable, stately, and here and there agreeably troubled by such moments as that in which Demeter hears, but the chorus does not hear, the sound of Persephone's returning steps; when the nymphs interrupt Demeter and ask whether she could not have saved Demophoön; or when Demeter surprises the nymphs by showing them Daedalus' picture of Persephone, crowned and not smiling. If there is anything to be blamed, it is that the purely learned knowledge of Persephone and the modern emotional estimate of her seem to have been mingled in Mr. Bridges' mind rather by a powerful intellectual effort than by a perfect ecstatic perception of their consistency. There are passages in which the two are blended well, as in Persephone's soliloquy among the flowers; but there are passages at the end of the third act which seem to us to be too heavily burdened with reason.

The verse throughout is extraordinarily interesting, and there is much that is worthy to rank with the best of modern verse, both in its novelty and in its excellence. The blank verse, e.g., is as current and simple as Fletcher's, while a careful reader sees that it is as self-conscious as Tennyson's and far more varied. It is spoiled only by a use of accents which shows how little Mr. Bridges is aware of the extent to which readers have profited by the precepts and examples of the poets of to-day. He will not trust us with his sense; and we could point to places where his accents really tend to spoil the rhythm which a careful reader would give to his lines. The lyrics contain many experiments, but, clever as they are, and interesting and often enjoyable, we think that their imperfection is clearly shown by the fact that all his best things are to be found elsewhere; they have troubled him so much that he has been unable to get into them his characteristic thought and observation; and their style is not only always inferior to, but sometimes different from, the style of the verse which is proper to his mind.

With the mask comes Mr. W. H. Hadow's music thereto, which is full of melody and dignity, the work of one who is at once scholar and musician.

A PECULIAR PEOPLE

A Peculiar People, the Doukhobórs. By AYLMER MAUDE.
(Constable, 6s. net.)

THE Russian peasant sect, known as the Doukhobórs, have found an honestly painstaking advocate in Mr. Aylmer Maude, who is strongly in sympathy with these persecuted fanatics. They have defied Russian conscription; and by the help of such potent friends as Count Tolstoy, have been removed to Canada, forming there an industrial settlement of some 7500 men, women, and children. The experiment must have sorely taxed the patience of the

Canadian authorities. For the sect holds, as a cardinal doctrine, the rejection of all external authorities, including the Bible, and yields blind obedience, apparently, to a leader, at present a man named Peter Verigin, whom one of their own documents thus describes:

"Great is the Lord above all the nations for his goodness and mercy endureth for ever." And His goodness is that He has been born by the Spirit of the Most-Holy Virgin Mother of God the Queen of Heaven, of the blessed race of Loukériya Kalmikóva. This Lord is our Leader, Peter Vasilyevitch Verigin. . . . We strive towards him, esteem him God and Tsar, and with full desire yield ourselves to his power."

A mass of ignorant peasants, apparently accustomed for a hundred years of isolated existence to base their moral ideas on what they called the "voice within," and on the commands of a leader whom they deified, and marked, as Mr. Maude fully acknowledges, by duplicity as a leading characteristic, presents a curious spectacle when planted among the sane and orderly British Canadians. The author draws the obvious comparison between the Doukhobórs and the Anabaptists of the sixteenth century in Westphalia, though we do not expect to bear that Peter Verigin, like John Leymen, has introduced polygamy and taken four wives. His natural shrewdness appears to have stood both himself and his ignorant flock in good stead. Still, when, in 1896, we find him suggesting that "we should give up the use of all things made of metal," we need not wonder at the Nudity Pilgrimage and other excesses witnessed in Canada. The first of these pilgrimages involved a march of some 1500 men, women, and children, having little with them, with the alleged intention of meeting Christ, preaching the Gospel, and reaching a warm country where there would be no government and where they would eat fruit from the trees. The "pilgrims" handed over their money to the nearest immigration agent; let their horses and cattle ran free (these were promptly rounded up by the mounted police); drove their sheep to a distance, handing them over to the care of God (wolves came and devoured them) and cut the metal hooks and eyes from their clothing. This "pilgrimage" was finally stopped by Government, and the fanatics were returned by train to their villages, not before some had gone quite crazy. The following year a second "pilgrimage" was started, with the additional feature that every now and then, especially when entering any town or settlement, the "pilgrims" divested themselves of all garments. Mr. Maude quotes a letter written by one of these latter "pilgrims" telling us how he and other Doukhobórs: "went and preached how one should live rightly . . . we went in the manner of the first man, Adam, and of Eve, to show nature to humanity. . . ."

After the suppression of this second pilgrimage ten of the most elect—we quote again from the letter—

"trampled down with a roller the growing corn. . . . And why? That men should not put their trust in human science, but should trust in God. And we also burnt a binding machine. Why? That our brethren should not torment animals, but should trust in God. . . . I am kept as if under arrest. . . . It is so sad that I cannot think about it. I sit without work; my work humanity does not wish to accept, yet it is not my work but God's."

It is but just to add that the majority of the Doukhobórs refused to follow the "pilgrims," a division which rent the sect in twain. The party animosities of these professors of peace are not the least curious outcome of their moral and mental confusion; thus, in the strife over the question of adopting communism (the communal form of property holding is now general among the Doukhobórs) this sect, who for conscience' sake withheld the bearing of arms for their country, fought among themselves with pitchforks and staves. At present, Verigin's gift for practical business appears to be exercised for the good of his people, and we read of his organising material prosperity for them by purchasing excellent horses and cattle for breeding purposes, as well as the latest kinds of agricultural machinery. And the sane surroundings of life in their Canadian settlement seem to be already bringing some sobriety of mind to the sect.

LITERARY GEOGRAPHY

Highways and Byways in Derbyshire. By J. B. FIRTH. With illustrations by NELLY ERICHSEN. (Macmillan, 6s.)

LIKE all good things the volumes of the "Highways and Byways" series are the more prized because they come seldom. But as each appears we realise that the general editor of the series has a high standard, and is determined to maintain it. Books of such beauty and lasting value cannot be brought into being as the result of a few weekend excursions and an omnivorous browsing amongst a host of local guides. Mr. Firth's "Derbyshire" is to the full as thorough and as companionable as any of its predecessors, and if, for some of us, there are omissions to regret, he disarms us by admitting at the outset that his route was arbitrary and did not cover the entire county. Of what he has given us there will be few to wish anything away, even the pages devoted to places so universally known as Haddon Hall and Chatsworth. It is difficult to imagine a topographical book the chief charm of which is not association. To an elect few the word-painter appeals with a force that no dispenser of anecdotes can command, but most are content to take their descriptions of scenery from the hand of the cunning draughtsman, and, if they want word-painting, go to the poets. Mr. Firth's principal virtue as guide is, then, as it should be, that he has brought together a rich store of information about the notable people with which the places through which he passes are associated.

First and foremost in interest is the delightful material connected with Dr. Johnson and his visits to his old friend, Dr. Taylor, at Ashbourne. Taylor was an unblushing pluralist and spent most of his time enlarging and beautifying his Ashbourne residence and garden—even diverting the course of the river in his enthusiasm—whilst curates did deputy for him at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and Market Bosworth. Johnson is supposed to have been under the impression that he was to be Taylor's heir, although he tells Boswell that he is aware that Taylor realised his disapproval of his habits, which he calls "by no means sufficiently clerical," and says: "no man likes to live under the eye of perpetual disapprobation." But it was Taylor who survived; in fact he preached the Doctor's funeral sermon. Speaking of the diverting of rivers, Derbyshire seems to yield an unusual number of instances of such masterful dealings with natural features, for at Ashford the Wye has been artificially broadened to form a lagoon, thus improving the prospect from Ashford Hall, and at Chatsworth, as we learn from a letter written by Sir Godfrey Copley, and quoted by Mr. Firth, the first Duke of Devonshire planned to turn the course of the Derwent so as to secure a cascade near the house, and actually did level a hill which interrupted his view.

After the Johnson associations perhaps the most entralling chapter is that which gives an account of the outbreak of the plague at Eyam. The story is well known; how the disease arrived in the village in a bundle of clothes received from London; how the villagers were cut off from all intercourse with their neighbours in the district; the devotion of the clergyman of the parish, Mompesson, and his wife; the furious course of the dreadful disorder, even the terror that remained for generations lest the chance opening of a grave might result in a recrudescence of the plague. A story was long current that this actually happened in 1757, but Mr. Firth has assured himself that it was without foundation, although he says that the terror of the possibility even yet survives. One of the strange side features of the narrative is the utter extinction of a family named Talbot who had kept a smithy on the road-side. The proud name of the Talbots and a road-side smithy! It is a real-life parallel of the D'Urberville-Durbeyfield tragedy. One statement of Mr. Firth's is puzzling. He says that William Mompesson declined the Deanery of Lincoln in favour of Dr. Fuller of "Worthies of England" fame, and on his first page he refers to Fuller as Bishop. Fuller was after the Restoration

created Doctor of Divinity, and presented to the Rectory of Cranford, Middlesex, made Chaplain to the King and restored to his stall in the Cathedral of Sarum, but it does not appear that he was ever Dean of Lincoln or elevated to the Episcopate.

The praises that Derbyshire called forth from such men as Gilpin, Wordsworth, Byron, Ruskin, and Hawthorne are all recorded, and Mr. Firth points out that the wanderer by the Dove must feel an added delight in it when he recalls that it was the beauty born of the murmuring sound of the Dove that passed into the face of Lucy. Of verse concerned with Derbyshire indeed, Mr. Firth's collection is a positive anthology, though perhaps some of the flowers may be a little prim. He has even so recent a poem as Mr. Watson's magnificent sonnet "Night on Curbar Edge." But one gem he has missed, the "Angling Days" of Mr. Coutts, not the least musical of all celebrants of the Derwent, Dove and Wye. One would have liked to see a stanza of this in Mr. Firth's posy, or even only the four lines

"Then, as across the dewy mead
I hurried to the stream,
The lark on his delirious reed
Piped to the morning beam."

Of the unexpected in a topographical book is the identification of places in famous novels with real places on the route. This Mr. Firth has done for us with regard to "Adam Bede," "Jane Eyre," "David Grieve," and "Pride and Prejudice," though a little compunction may be pardoned on our being asked to believe that Chatsworth is the Pemberley of the irresistible Mr. D'Arcy.

One thing may be cordially hoped by all readers of this volume, that Mr. Firth's indignation at desecrations by the trippers may lead to some amendment in this respect.

In Miss Erichsen's illustrations, which so adequately supplement Mr. Firth's text, the influence of more than one of the black and white artists of the day is to be detected, but she has evidently adopted their conventions quite frankly and with admiration.

DR. JEVONS' POSTHUMOUS ESSAYS

The Principles of Economics—a Fragment of a Treatise on the Industrial Mechanism of Society—and other Papers. By the late W. STANLEY JEVONS. With a Preface by HENRY HIGGS. (Macmillan, 10s. net.)

It is nearly a quarter of a century since the study of economics sustained an almost immeasurable loss by the death of Professor Jevons at the early age of 45, and presumably the fragment of the treatise now published represents all that was written of a work which he was known to have had in contemplation at the time of his death.

Every one will agree with Mr. Higgs that "among the economists of all time Jevons unquestionably stands in the first rank." Not only was his work characterised by knowledge at once comprehensive and microscopic and by a critical faculty of the highest kind, but he wrote with perfect clearness and a charm of style unattained by any other modern writer upon Political Economy. The fragment is a mere outline, but it comes from a master hand and is doubly welcome at a time when the need for restatement of definitions is particularly evident. Every participant in the present fiscal struggle, for instance, on whichever side he may have ranged himself, will derive unmixed benefit from even a hasty perusal of this volume—fragmentary though its chief constituent may be.

Agreement between disputants as to the precise significance of the terms which they employ has ever been insisted on, not only as a means of peace in half the battles that are waged, but as a necessary condition of all social progress. The chief task of economic writers has been to assist the possibility of such agreement, and the science has been happy in having attracted many men of high literary

talent. Adam Smith, Mill, Cairnes and Jevons always display the knowledge, the scientific precision and the power of analysis that we demand; but each of them possessed the gift of facile and graceful expression; and with them we contrast impatiently such elegant literary trifling as, for example, Hume's *Essay on the Balance of Trade*.

Now and again in the volume before us we were reminded, momentarily, of Mr. Joseph Finsbury and his tables of comparative affluence enjoyed by the owner of a single income in Bagdad, Brighton, or Nijni-Novgorod. We need not regret that Jevons failed to complete his analysis of the London Directory, for, as he says, "infinite detail does not serve any of the purposes of science," and the best part of all his work is that larger wisdom which shines through almost every page, while the infinite pains and industry on which it rests are concealed from view.

Fragmentary, unrevised though it is, the treatise casts clear light upon the depths of each problem that it offers for our view; and all the old questions are stated with a freshness that we miss in the writings of more modern economists. What could be better than the following?

"Given the wants of a population how shall we best utilise existing wealth? given certain labourers with a definite environment how shall their labour be employed so as to produce the greatest quantity of commodities?"

Or again:

"Consumption is evidently the most important of the processes through which commodities pass, because things are only produced in order that they may be consumed usefully."

The critical power of Jevons is well sustained by his exposure of Mill's theory of capital, which was expounded, he tells us, "in four fundamental propositions, all false."

From a paper on "The Future of Political Economy," we may quote the following:

"I am aware that political economists have always been regarded as cold-blooded beings—little better, in fact, than vivisectionists. I believe that the general public would be happier in their minds for a little time if political economy could be shown up as an imposture like the greater part of what is called spiritualism."

In commenting upon the opposing schools of economists, Jevons quotes Mr. Laing's conclusion that

"Every country has a political economy of its own suitable to its own physical circumstances and its own national character."

With this he seems to concur, for he had said at the outset:

"The enormous wealth of the United States has been created by the freedom and energy of internal trade acting upon natural resources of unexampled richness. It cannot for a moment be doubted that their wealth would be far greater still were external commerce in the States as free as internal commerce. To us, dwelling and working in this comparatively speaking very small island, endowed with no remarkable natural resources, except coal and iron—to us the freedom of external commerce is everything."

The editor has reprinted an article contributed by Jevons in 1881 to the *Contemporary Review* entitled "Richard Cantillon and the Nationality of Political Economy," which affords proof of his immense industry, for it contains practically the whole of the article now printed in the "Dictionary of National Biography."

The "Essai sur la nature du commerce en général," which has been attributed to Cantillon, was a wonderful piece of work; all the theories of the economists being contained "by anticipation in this moderate duodecimo volume." Here is to be found not only Quesnay's fundamental doctrine: "la terre est l'unique source de la richesse," but the germ of the essay of Malthus and "the hedonic speculations" of Professor Edgeworth. The "Essai" was published in 1755, and the personality of its reputed author is romantic and evasive indeed. Cantillon was a banker of London (one typographical error, deepening the mystery, says "Purden"); the associate of Law; beloved of a princess; a millionaire; and finally, in 1734, the murdered victim of his cook, who afterwards burned the house down.

Jevons hints that the "Essai" may be the work of some French economist (the title-page is manifestly false) who adopted the pretence of a French translation of an English book to avoid police interference with his own liberty. Such expedients were common enough; but it is pleasanter to believe in the authorship of this "master of currency and finance," the friend of Newton, and the forerunner of Adam Smith.

Incidentally the claim of the bi-metallists to reckon Newton among their supporters is disposed of, for Cantillon tells us that Newton's motive when settling the English guinea at 21s. was "not to fix in gold and silver moneys the veritable proportions of their price," and the author seems to have been himself a steady monometallist:

"Il n'y a que le prix du marché qui puisse trouver la proportion de la valeur de l'or à l'argent, de même que toutes les proportions des valeurs."

Every extract from the "Essai" stamps it as a work of the highest value and it would be worth while, one would think, for some modern economist to issue a new edition, and to discuss, for example, Cantillon's fundamental proposition:

"La terre est la source ou la matière d'où l'on tire la richesse: le travail de l'homme est la forme qui la produit et la richesse en elle-même n'est autre chose que la nourriture, les commodités et les agréments de la vie"—

or the doctrine of "a par or relation" of the value of land to the value of labour, or his explanation of the fact that commodities and the cost of living are higher in cities than in the country. There are certainly more causes at work in producing this result than the circumstance that the towns are always in debt to the country districts.

The volume is one that we cordially welcome, and it is bound to meet with the high appreciation of a discriminating public. It is well printed, but the quality of the paper leaves much to be desired.

A RED CROSS KNIGHT

In Peace and War. Autobiographical Sketches. By Sir JOHN FURLEY, Kt. With Portrait. (Smith, Elder, 10s. 6d. net.)

SIR JOHN FURLEY has written an interesting, even an important book, but it would, we suspect, have been more important and more interesting, if he had not been rather afraid to "let himself go." In the very first sentence he betrays his fear of being charged with what he calls senile vanity. It is really a great pity that in the province of autobiography modesty should be so often displayed by those who really have something to say, people who have seen or done things of moment; while vanity, not always senile, induces those who have led trivial and unimportant lives to record them in large books which nobody reads.

There is probably no one now living who knows more about Red Cross and ambulance work than Sir John Furley. He took a leading part in the formation of the National Red Cross Society in 1868, and the outbreak of the Franco-German War found him to a certain extent prepared, for he had obtained invaluable experience during the gallant struggle which Denmark maintained in 1864 against the combined strength of Prussia and Austria. It is most interesting to read Sir John Furley's account of the great struggle between France and Germany, for it is written from a point of view which is certainly not common; that of one who is neither a soldier nor a civilian, but is simply bent upon alleviating, as much as is humanly possible, the inevitable horrors of warfare. It is well known that enormous sums were collected in England for the relief of the sick and wounded, and Sir John Furley devoted all his remarkable powers of organisation and administration to seeing that the money was spent to the best possible advantage. He started on the French side, but at Sedan he became absorbed in the German

Army, and soon we find him establishing a Red Cross dépôt at Versailles.

This was anything but a bed of roses. For instance, a convoy under the charge of Dr. Danford Thomas, afterwards a well-known London coroner, was seized at Vernon, and there was a great outcry, for the act was said to be a breach of the Geneva Convention. But Sir John Furley thinks the French were justified in at any rate trying to blockade Versailles, and the people of Vernon might fairly object to allowing food and wine, etc., to go through their lines unless the same privilege were accorded by the Germans to stores under the Red Cross destined for Paris.

"If food," he says significantly, "in the form of barrels of meat and biscuits, be sent to a hospital when there is a scarcity of provisions in the immediate neighbourhood it is not only the hospital which is benefited."

It was Sir John's duty to supplement the assistance and supplies furnished by the Army Medical Corps and Intendance of the respective belligerents, and not to take their places. He had therefore constantly to refuse applications for comforts, such as warm clothing :

"I pitied the soldiers; but prevention was the duty of the chiefs, and it was no part of my mission to add to the comfort of the combatants in the trenches."

When the French drove the Bavarian General, Von der Tann, out of Orléans, Sir William Russell exclaimed : "What a go it will be, Furley, if we are hustled out of this one of these days!" Indeed, had this success been repeated, the result of the war might have been very different, and a good many would have been "hustled" out of Versailles. Says Sir John Furley :

"Any sacrifice would have been made rather than allow the King and Crown Prince to incur the slightest risk of capture. But speculations as to what might have been are useless. There was a want of discipline and an absence of everything which tends to make an army strong, on the side of Orléans; whilst in Paris those who could command and those who could fight were paralysed by political disputes, and by the black treachery of men whose want of patriotism is a disgrace to modern times."

The book gives a series of extraordinarily vivid pictures of life at Versailles at this time—tragedy and comedy inextricably mingled, death and disease in their most hideous shape, and a curious cosmopolitan society of war correspondents, nuns of various orders, diplomatists, travellers, even Mr. Home, the spiritualist!

"There was one volunteer who must not be forgotten. I allude to an intelligent and amiable bulldog that honoured the Dutch mess with his company. This popular and saucious animal was called 'Bismarck,' for two reasons. In the first place he was of that particular shade of brown then known as 'couleur Bismarck,' and secondly he had a highly developed faculty for annexation. He afforded much amusement to the patients, and Bismarck was often to be found at the bedside of the wounded, whom he patronised irrespective of nationality. On one occasion some of us were passing through the gates of the château at night, and 'Bismarck' was called by one of the party. The name was quite sufficient and the sentry presented arms."

After the armistice Sir John Furley was refused admission to Paris. He therefore dressed up as a *cocher* in the livery of a diplomatist friend of his, and calmly drove his "master" into the city. Having thus established communication he constantly passed to and fro between Paris and Versailles, organising relief for the 30,000 sick and wounded soldiers in the capital. He saw the entry of the German Army into Paris, of which he says "the play was certainly not worth the candle," and he goes on to give a most impressive account of the Commune, of which he writes as follows :

"I believe that if the military authorities had looked a little beyond Versailles, and occupied themselves less with army reorganisation, and concentrated their endeavours on forming a small army for immediate use; and had M. Thiers allowed a rapid and severe blow to be struck at once, the army of the Commune never would have had a serious existence; Paris would have been spared many weeks of terror, and many beautiful monuments would yet be standing.... The army was, for a moment, paralysed by the indecision of the Government, the members of which had no right to charge it with their failings. Subsequent events proved that the troops required to be led and not consulted."

Unfortunately, considerations of space forbid us to do more than indicate the interest of these chapters. Sir John Furley took a leading part in the administration of the French Peasant-farmers' Seed Fund; he went about with Laurence Oliphant; and he visited the Communist seat of government. All through the worst horrors of the barricades, he was continually fulfilling his mission as a Red Cross knight; and here we may quote the conclusion to which his experiences throughout the war had led him :

"It was the Franco-German War which opened the flood-gates of international philanthropy on a scale and in a manner which will never again be permitted to neutrals. It has been proved from time immemorial that there has never been a great war in which the official means of relief for the sick and wounded have been found adequate. For this reason each of the great Powers has now a Central Red Cross committee in touch with its war department, supported by a network of district and local committees so organised in time of peace that it can without confusion take its place as a supplement to the military medical services at the same time as the military forces of the nation are mobilised."

Hardly less interesting is Sir John Furley's account of the Carlist War of 1874, into which he eagerly threw himself on his usual errand of mercy. He succeeded in rescuing with extraordinary difficulty O'Donovan, the special correspondent of the *Daily News*, from a Carlist prison, and he was a spectator of the three days' battle of Estella, the principal battle of the campaign, of which he gives a detailed description. Next year we find him helping the sufferers from the terrible inundation of the valley of the Garonne; and in 1877 he is in Montenegro as the Special Commissioner of the National Aid Society. His work in the Boer War, when he supervised the "Princess Christian" Hospital Train and the "Princess of Wales" Hospital Ship, and acted as Chief Commissioner of the Central British Red Cross Committee, will be fresh in every one's recollection.

In addition to all his ambulance work, Sir John Furley is an old and experienced Volunteer, and we may quote in conclusion the two following stories, drawn from his entertaining reminiscences of the early days of our "citizen Army." The occasion was a visit of British Volunteers to Brussels, when they were warmly welcomed by the King of the Belgians. The first story is of a horse, one of many noble animals provided by Sir John :

"On the day when the King held a review of the volunteers, I was surprised by a gallant colonel of railway engineers who said, 'Furley, where did you pick up my mount?' On asking what was the matter with it, he replied, 'It must have had a circus education, for the moment the King and Queen arrived—and I was trying to look my best—the band struck up and my brute backed across the road and sat down on the kerb, whilst I slid down over his tail.'

And the second of a man :

"Encouraged by the sight of so many Belgian comrades with be-medalled breasts, some of our men were inclined to follow their example and consequently required to be closely inspected. One day I spotted a man on parade who astonished me by the number of his medals. He evidently felt flattered by my notice and I said to him, 'You seem to have seen considerable service. In what wars have you been engaged?' He replied, 'Bless you, I've never been in a war: my father and I were awarded these medals at agricultural shows for a special breed of pigs for which we are famous.'"

A NEW-FOUND DIALOGUE BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR published his first volume in 1795, his last in 1863. This represents a period of literary production that is equalled by no other writer of similar standing. During that period, too, he was a frequent contributor to many journals, so that a full bibliography of his writings would be a work not easy to compile. Mr. Stephen Wheeler gave a tentative bibliography in 1897 at the close of his "Letters and other Unpublished Writings of Walter Savage Landor," and has from time to time made additions in the form of lists of Landor's contributions to particular periodicals. One periodical to which

the poet contributed in his old age appears to have been overlooked—and is probably but one of several. This is the *National Magazine*, started in 1857 under the editorship of John Saunders and Westland Marston. In the second volume are to be found three contributions, each of them signed in full by Landor, only one of which has hitherto been republished. At page 165 are two short poems, "Destiny Uncertain," which the poet included in his "Dry Sticks, Fagoted" (1858), and the following piece which, but for the signature, might well have been mistaken for one of the "fragments" of Thomas Lovell Beddoes :

THE MOTHER

"Unnatural mother,
Who've hastened to smother
Whatever is fairest and fondest in child;
In Hell's bitter water
You've plunged your own daughter,
Nor have wept when she wept nor have smiled when she smiled.

When sorrows assail you
Who then will bewail you?
The true and the tender for ever is gone.
Unnatural mother!
Ah, never another
Will love you or mourn you as she would have done."

This little piece is interesting as Landor's, though its inherent value is slight indeed; more notable is the other find made in the pages of a forgotten magazine.

It was in 1823 that Landor's first "Imaginary Conversation"—between Porson and Southey—was published in the pages of the *London Magazine*, in Elia's *London*, which has taken its place as something of a classic in the ranks of such periodicals. Nearly forty years later he contributed a short series of "Imaginary Conversations" to the *Athenaeum*. In the interval he had employed this form as the chief vehicle for the utterance of his thoughts on men and things, so that the total number of "Imaginary Conversations" given in the latest collected edition of his works amounts to one hundred and sixty-five. Mr. C. G. Crump, the editor of the fine edition referred to, explained that, thanks to arrangements with the holders of Landor copyright, his edition of the "Imaginary Conversations" was complete. He had overlooked the *National Magazine* of 1857.

At p. 115 of the volume referred to above we find "Imaginary Conversation. By Walter Savage Landor." In the long series of conversations included in the works of Landor, by far the shortest section is that consisting of dialogues between distinguished Romans, and it is to this section that the new one will have to be added in any future edition of the author's works. The speakers are Tacitus and Agricola, and their conversation is supposed to take place on the eve of the latter's departure for Britain. It opens thus :

"*Tacitus*. Your daughter, my own beloved Julia, would have accompanied me hither, O *Agricola*, had I not reminded her that the bravest hearts are the least capable of uttering the sorrowful word 'Farewell.'

"*Agricola*. Universal word! uttered in the same tone, although in other syllables, by every nation. Word of the lover, of the widow, of the widower, and sometimes of the commander in the very hour of victory. May it never be sighed by our Julia on either of the two she loves best!

"*Tacitus*. I unite with you in this wish, my friend and father; but rather so than by the survivor over her urn.

"*Agricola*. Away with idle thought, with forebodings, with reminiscences! I am standing on the verge of a wide and waste field and must prepare to subdue and cultivate it. Most generals have attendants and followers; I have none beside a few domestics. In passing through Gaul, I shall collect the troops requisite for the expedition. The ships will have arrived before me, with sufficient stores for victualling them during many months, until fresh supplies from the coast of Belgium shall have landed. Wherever there is a scanty supply, there is a weak, because a discontented, army. Therefor even the least provident commanders have insisted that the naval forces be entirely under their control, and the commissaries be approved and appointed by them. The necessity of plunder is thus avoided, which alienates us from those we must conciliate before we govern.

"*Tacitus*. Co-ciliation saves in great measure the expenditure of force. Every plunderer raises a hundred enemies; and what he seizes may in half an hour do a damage which half a century is

inadequate to repair. Barbarians soon forget an act of kindness; an injury sinks deep into the breast through woad and wolfskin.

"*Agricola*. The act of kindness then must be repeated, and the injury avoided.

"*Tacitus*. This is true philosophy, which, to be consistent, must be founded on humanity.

"*Agricola*. Since it is urgent I should leave the city by sunrise, I am rejoiced that much of the evening is left to me, and that I may continue to hear the expression of those sentiments which first engaged me and my daughter to cherish you so affectionately. Continue the remarks you were making on the Britons.

"*Tacitus*. Forgive me, if in continuation I should appear less indulgent. The Celtic and Cimbric races, cognate in origin, and similar in character, are never to be trusted in peace, until you exhibit and demonstrate to them practically its manifest advantages. O *Agricola*, can any nation, should any nation, tolerate an invader? It may be for their ultimate good, certainly it is not for their immediate. The Britons seem to be more restless in a state of inactivity than in a state of war. Impatient of agriculture, ignorant and disdainful of commerce, at present they appear to be irreclaimable from perfidy and ferocity.

"*Agricola*. Have not all nations been once in the same condition? the polished Persian, the scientific Egyptian; the forefathers of Pericles, of Sophocles, of Homer; the founders of Athens, of Corinth, of Miletus! Happy am I who am destined to conquer where I can destroy no cities, depopulate no habitations of industry, sink no transports of commerce; but, on the contrary, to show that, if Mars was our progenitor, the wolf has left in us no infection."

Invited to discourse further of the Britons, Tacitus here turns aside to discuss the position of the Romans, to point out how they had degenerated after the death of the Gracchi and the Scipios:

"The great Julius himself, no model of morality, was the only true reformer; for the Catos had in their character nothing of gentleness, of generosity, or even of humanity; and Brutus was little better than a copybook for schoolboys, to throw aside when they had done with ciphering. We have seen better men in times no better."

To his last sentence Tacitus returns later in the dialogue when he says to his father-in-law :

"The best of men (you, O *Agricola*, are an example of it) have appeared in the worst of times; few indeed of them; else the times had not been the worst."

Returning to the question of the Britons, Agricola proceeds to explain something of his military method to be employed, in the course of which he uses words which should bring a tingling sensation to the ears of some modern folk who have had to do with commissariat matters. (The words were written by Landor, it is worth recalling, when the Crimean campaign was fresh in the minds of men)

"Our strongholds would at all times be replete with the necessities of subsistence. Any defect of precaution on the part of my commissaries will be punished by death, under the scourge of those they would have famished. Aware of the evil, and negligent in removing it, great would be my guilt; to be unaware of it, in my station, would be no less. Instead of triumph, or ovation, or any other species of military honor, or civil dignity, the lictor should unbind the fasces and bring out the central axe for me."

How the Britons are to be brought under the civilising sway of Rome is discussed, the reasons being adduced for allowing freedom of worship to the conquered: "We Romans took every god we could seize upon in the captured cities; they did us great good." Religious, Tacitus proceeds to say "slip easily one into another where the priest does not lay his wand across the road." To this Agricola adds: "It appears to me that no commodity is more marketable than the sacerdotal. The priest relaxes his hold on the man to seize the purse." Then the question of language is discussed; and later Tacitus returns to the Britons' gods, saying: "Men in all countries are the creators of their gods, created in their own similitude," and he expresses fear that the legionaries may mock the gods which, devised by the Gauls, frown and gibber over the Britons. To this Agricola is made to reply sagely, and in a very modern spirit:

"Each party shall retain its own deities until they insensibly crumble down and drop away. The chief advantage of any temple or place of worship, whether in city or field, is to bring men together in unanimity and amity. They come either for petition or thanksgiving. Is there any one so insolent and audacious, of such stolidity and impiety, as to believe the gods are readier to hear him than to hear his

neighbour, to believe that one tone of voice or one idiom of language is more agreeable to their ear than another? When children disagree and quarrel, the parent chastises them: is the god less prudent than the parent?"

Had Landor published an edition of his "Imaginary Conversations" after 1857, there can be little doubt that he would have included this characteristic piece, which has so far escaped the notice of his editors. I have only been able to indicate the scope of the conversation and to extract representative bits. The whole would occupy about six columns of this journal.

WALTER JERROLD.

THE RONDEAU

I

THE Rondeau is—if you've forgot—
A trifling, minor thing; no plot
To win the world's admiring eye
As to the Epic's majesty,
Or wealth of Sonnet; written not

As when with frenzied haste and blot
The Poet pours his Ballad, hot
From lovesick brain—a *jeu d'esprit*
The Rondeau is:

And though one may not bate a jot
Of all the points the rules allot—
The thirteen lines, the catch-words three,
The double rhyme, the symmetry—
From this example judge not what
The Rondeau is!

II

'Tis out of vogue, the censors cry,
A fashion of a day gone by,
When high-bred dame and gallant beau
Dallied within the silken show,
The bonds of ancient chivalry;

Dobson, Lang, Henley, skilled to try
Old modes, have wrought it gracefully,
But with new men new methods, so
'Tis out of vogue:

My friend, so long as you or I
Cherish a thing, it cannot die;
Flowers out of fashion long ago
Do still in careless gardens blow.
Pluck one and look—and tell me why
'Tis out of vogue!

H. RAPHOE.

RICHARD JEFFERIES IN LONDON

IT might be imagined that any large city, and London most of all, would be abhorrent to such a mind as that of Jefferies, the sensitive lover of Wiltshire and Sussex downs—the prose-poet of Summer's pageant, the student of harvest and hay-field, of bird and beast and flower. Those who know Jefferies well are aware that this is an entire mistake. The mistake has its root partly in a popular misconception of this great writer. Critics and reviewers, who very imperfectly understood him, used to speak of him, with a touch of condescension, as merely a pastoral writer, a naturalist, a kind of Gilbert White. Jefferies was all this, but he was something more. He was a thinker, though not in the language of the schools; a philosopher, though he formulated no system. He may have begun with the externals of things—the life of the poacher and the gamekeeper and the labourer, the habits

and habitats of birds and flowers; but he passed on to the root-questions of existence, the underlying spirit, the quest of creation's secret, the thirst for a fuller "soul-life." He was never satisfied; he died yearning. "In the hearts of most of us," he says, "there is always a desire for something beyond experience." To such a man, the country was of supreme suggestion and never-failing loveliness; but city life had also its mysteries and its beauties. The red roofs and dense buildings had their own suggestiveness; there were the magnetism and sympathy of crowds, the flaming sunsets, the stars of night. "The sky above London is as full of interest as above the hills," he says in one of his papers; and he, like the poet of Westmoreland lakes and mountains, had witnessed the strange magic of a London sunrise. "I once watched the sun rise on London Bridge, and never forgot it." Every true artist knows the wonderful effects to be noted at times in London squares and on London bridges, and the true poet knows it also. It is only the small man, the limited sympathy, that sees no beauty in cities. It is easy to quote Cowper's hackneyed line: "God made the country and man made the town"; but Jefferies saw deeper than this. He once wrote an essay on the "Plainest City in Europe;" it was not London of which he wrote, but Paris. To him the best thing in Paris was the *Vénus Accroupie* of the Louvre, which he describes in a paper that shows how wonderful an art-critic he might have become. In a volume entitled "The Life of the Fields" he dared to introduce chapters on the sunlight of London squares; Venice, not on the Adriatic, but by the river in the East End. He did not believe that to see things it was necessary to travel far. "Open your eyes, and see those things which are around us at this hour." The life of the fields itself, he tells us, is to be found in London, if we only have eyes to see it.

Among the hills and field-hollows of Wiltshire he had dreamed his dreams, and thirsted for a richer draught of the soul-life that alone could satisfy; and when he came to London "still I thought my old thoughts." To him the grimy river was always making for the sea, and his soul travelled onward with it, to a haven of fuller existence.

"For I thirst with all the thirst of the salt sea, and the sun-heated sands dry for the tide, with all the sea I thirst for beauty."

And London itself, sordid, noisy, jarring, had hints of this divine beauty that his soul could follow. At night the stars were there:

"I never forget them, not even in the restless Strand; they face one coming down the hill of the Haymarket; in Trafalgar Square, looking towards the high dark structure of the House at Westminster, the clear bright steel silver of the planet Jupiter shines unwearied, without sparkle or flicker."

London produces its own sky, he says, and he thought that this sky could best be studied from the great bridges, where there is some breadth of horizon.

"Sometimes upon Westminster Bridge at night the scene is very striking. Vast rugged columns of vapour rise up behind and over the towers of the House, hanging with threatening aspect; westward the sky is nearly clear, with some relic of the sunset glow; the river itself, black or illuminated with the electric light, imparting a silvery blue tint, crossed again with the red lamps of the steamers."

Of the thousands that cross this bridge daily, few indeed pause to think that beauty of the open air, natural loveliness, may be found there; few have time to pause at all, unless they be strangers lingering to take a view of the Parliament buildings and the Abbey. But a Jefferies comes that way, and amidst all the outward distraction and the inward worry, the drudgery and anxiety of poverty, he notes the glimpses of the divine, the deep prevalent mystery of something that lies just beyond the senses, something that the senses only guess—something that may be felt among the lush meadows, or on the breezy downs, or here by the dingy London riverside. Even the monotony of red Bermondsey roofs was suggestive to Jefferies:

"These red-tiled roofs have a distinctiveness, a character; they are something to think about. . . . Under this surface of roofs what a profundity of life there is!"

If this endless succession of roofs could be found not unpleasing, it is little wonder that, standing in Trafalgar Square, the man could see a world of beauty before him.

"At my back, within the gallery, there is many a canvas painted under Italian skies, in glowing Spain, in bright southern France. But yet, if any one impartial will stand here outside, under the portico, and forgetting that it is prosaic London, will look at the summer enclosed within the square, and acknowledge it for itself as it is, he must admit that the view—light and colour, tone and shade—is equal to the painted canvas, is full as it were to the brim of interest, suggestion, and delight. Trace out the colour and the brightness; gaze up into the sky, watch the swallows, note the sparkle of the fountain, observe the distant tower chiselled with the light and shade."

The charm, the colour, the endless variety, are there; only the seeing eye is needed. It is well to be reminded sometimes, by the words of a genius like Jefferies, that the elements of beauty are never far to seek; if we miss them in town, we are not likely to find them in the country. Jefferies could ponder on profoundest mysteries in front of the Royal Exchange; they were mysteries older and deeper than those of finance. But men have yet little learned to think, to possess their souls; country solitudes are unspeakably dull to them, and they have not learned to make a solitude of thought for themselves in the thickest traffic and noisiest clamour of the city. They may ape a love of beauty, but the culture of it has not proceeded far enough for them to find it in the red roofs, the dusky riverside, the formal squares, the narrow streets. Jefferies was not a Londoner in the sense in which Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb were Londoners; his true home was the swelling downs, the bracing uplands, the village of thatched cottages. But he saw London with the eye of a poet, and his soul also was at home there. Let us learn to remember that he was something more than a mere cataloguer of birds and flowers.

A. L. S.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

THE POET OF THE ELEGY

WHEN Dr. Johnson wrote his famous criticism of "The Elegy" there was one important point which he overlooked, and the omission renders his censure nugatory. This is the wonderful manner in which Thomas Gray caught the atmosphere that was absolutely essential to his poem. You feel on reading the first four lines the entire sentiment of a winter evening in the country: the tolling curfew, the lowing herd winding slowly o'er the lea, the ploughman trudging homeward, and the gradual, closing darkness prepare the mind for all that follows. And never in the course of the poem does the author insert a phrase or even a syllable to destroy this fine illusion. In that sense the poem is one of the most perfect in the English tongue.

Some little time ago I was at Stoke Poges, and in spite of much that has been done to vulgarise the surroundings, it still was easily imaginable that the train of thought expressed in "The Elegy" should pass through the poet's mind as he sat in the shade of that yew-tree which still stands to remind us of him. There is an addition to the churchyard, which has taken the shape of an ordinary town cemetery, with grave-stones fresh from the sculptor's hands, and sentimental epitaphs, and glasses with flowers, and all that makes a modern burying-place so repugnant. But if you shut your eyes to this and pass on to the other side of the church, there is a little graveyard which must be now exactly as it was when Thomas Gray's eyes looked down on it:

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Here the graves are un-headstoned. Nothing except the grassy mounds show where sleep the labourers of earlier

generations, their harvesting, their sowing and weeding, their mourning and love-making all done. If you can separate yourself entirely from the mawkish sentimentality of the modern part of the churchyard, here you will find the full force of that tide of feeling which Gray has so admirably expressed. And the country round about still represents the scenery he had in his mind, even though it is traversed daily by noisy motor-cars and other recent inventions. But the splendid trees, the rich fertile country, and even the cottages show little that has changed. The only difficulty is that we feel no longer the sense of seclusion which made Gray write:

" Some village-Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withheld,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood."

It is a sentiment that has been widely disputed, as some people are of opinion that when genius is sent into the world it is bound to make its way, whatever be the barriers opposed to its progress. But were this so, then Nature would treat men as she treats nothing else. On the oaks in the park near at hand millions of acorns come into existence every year. Each of them has a potentiality of becoming an oak, but probably not one in ten years' growth is able to fulfil that destiny. And it is the same with almost everything else. Out of her fertile womb Nature produces with endless fecundity, casting away a million lives that one may live. So must it also be with the soul of man. Let us imagine one to be born with the genius of a poet or a painter into those surroundings that Gray pictured so vividly. It has been said that the best bat at cricket could never make a high score unless he gets the bowling. What were the chances of a rustic in Gray's time? He might have intellect, but intellect is like gold that has never been mined till its powers are set free by education; and the children of the poor in those days were often put to work at five or six years of age—the infants were armed with wooden clappers and sent out to scare birds, harder labour being given them as they acquired sufficient strength to bear it. Self-education was rendered nearly impossible by the fact that whole families were often crowded into a one-roomed cottage. The boy forced outside took to premature courtship as the only practicable amusement. Early marriages resulted and the young man with the heaven-sent genius had to drudge for the livelihood of a young family. No doubt some overcame these obstacles, but they must have proved too much for the ordinary man, and hence, with the clowns and yokels of the parish, are buried there those who in different conditions might have moved far beyond their fellows. They have passed into oblivion, but so have many who were considered their superiors. Every one who has made inquiries about the people of the past must have been struck by the forgetfulness that closes down over the rich as well as the poor. "We are all rushing to obscurity," said the late Lord Tennyson during one of the last years of his life, "some a little quicker than the others, but all of us are to be involved in it." Life is like a road that we have to pass along once and once only, and on the way is no memorial of the travellers who have made the journey and can never return. So the "Elegy" is in reality a dirge for the sons of rural labour and a sign of the poet's understanding of their fate and his compassion for them. In his holiday visits to Stoke Poges he would have seen much to remind him of their pitiable lot. Some such idea possessed my mind as, in the dusk of a winter evening, I sat under the poet's yew-tree close adjoining the ancient little church wherein he used to pray. Among the tombs is that of his mother, and there are few epitaphs more affecting than that which he inscribed to "the careful tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her."

Outside the limits of the "Elegy" I think I like Gray best in his letters, which are some of the very best in the English language. There you find the same elements that

qualify his "Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat" for inclusion in a *Lyra Elegantiarum*. Real elegance, abundant fancy and just enough generous feeling to redeem it from triviality render this poem delightful of its kind. No doubt Dr. Johnson might urge the same objection to some of it that he made to the "Elegy":

"With many an ardent wish,
She stretched, in vain, to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise?
What Cat's averse to Fish?"

The objection is to an alleged triteness, but nothing is trite that is appropriate. Witness the last line of the penultimate verse:

"Eight times emerging from the flood
She mewed to every watery God,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, nor Nereid stirred:
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard.
A favourite has no friend!"

On the other hand it is not imaginable that any man of taste should urge a similar objection against the "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College," so many lines of which have passed into the folk-speech of England, such as:

"Alas! regardless of their doom
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day."

And

"Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

A.

FICTION

The Flute of Pan. A Romance. By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS. (Unwin, 6s.)

MRS. CRAIGIE is one of those who will not take no for an answer. When her play was ill-received, she attributed its condemnation to the hostility or ignorance of her audience, and straightway went to the highways and byways and bade those who liked her come and rectify the misjudgment of the herd. Still the verdict was unfavourable, and yet once again she has carried her case to a higher court of appeal by publishing the play as a novel. As one of those who did not see it at the theatre, the present writer opened "The Flute of Pan" with curiosity. Reluctantly he has come to the conclusion that if the play were no better than the novel it amply deserved its fate. Perhaps the subject might be discreetly left at that—on the theory that when a definite conclusion is arrived at reasons become superfluous. But though that may be politic, it is not courteous; and therefore it is necessary to try one's hand at a little analysis. And the first point is that we like not the company. The fondness of Mrs. Craigie for the "hupper suckles" is her most patent frailty. Her hero is a Lord Fellershey, whose Christian name is Boris; her heroine, H.R.H. the Princess Margaret of Siguria. The female villain, or, if that be too crude and harsh a phrase, the minx of the tale, is the Countess Rixensart. Her husband is the male minx, a man who "spoke the word 'loving' as though it were pudding, a thing he no longer took." We need say little about the other members of the aristocracy who fume out their little parts, Lady Fellershey, Lady Amersham, Lady Addlington, Lady Wimborough, the Duchess of Drossett, Prince Adolf, and the rest—even to write their names is, as it were by deputy, "to move in good society." A commoner, Mr. Baverstock, does indeed play a not inconsiderable part in the comedy, but he has amalgamated "jam" with "pickles," these being two branches of the family business, and is a millionaire—at least he thinks nothing of giving twelve thousand pounds for a string of pearls to hang round the neck of his mistress, and that is near enough to being a millionaire for

our purpose. If these members of the aristocracy were in themselves interesting it would not matter, but unfortunately they have nothing except their rank to recommend them—not even picturesque vices. They are artificial and they live in an artificial atmosphere. Just as still nature never receives a glance in the novel, so not a single natural stroke reveals humanity in these puppets. And then the plot turns on one of those mean, finicking devices that create and leave behind a sense of irritation. All the misunderstanding arises out of the simple fact that the generous and virtuous Princess, inspired by the worthiest motive, keeps an assignation made with her Maid of Honour. On this frail foundation is built a heavy superstructure which the reader feels might and ought to tumble down at the first adverse breath of wind. To say that such a construction is inartistic is to find the least fault possible with it. Before the intrigue has developed beyond a few chapters an irritation has set in that gradually increases till the end is reached.

But it may quite truthfully be pointed out that plot or even character has never been the strong point of John Oliver Hobbs, but that her strength lies in style and epigram. We are afraid that the most scintillating of her phrases are the least fitted to stand close examination. Take this, which is delivered with an unmistakable air of smartness: "I could never be a Court-painter," said Fellershey proudly, "for I know too much about Courts in the first place, and perhaps a little too much about painting in the other." What a ghost of dead cleverness this is to be sure! A million lips have flung back retorts on the same model. And it is the same with many of the other sayings in this volume. They are machine-made, they follow lines often followed before; the wit is mere pertness. From the beginning of the book to the end we have not met with a stroke of genuine drollery, or of the humour that is composed of mingled laughter and sympathy.

Baliol Garth. By ALGERNON GISSING. (Chatto & Windus, 6s.)

MR. ALGERNON GISSING is one of those few happy authors who do not over-write themselves. The three or four novels he has given us—"Knitters in the Sun," for instance, or "A Secret of the North Sea"—are all tales a little out of the common; tales brilliantly placed, as it were, *en plein air*, and conceived and executed with a sort of resolute leisure to which, no doubt, is partly due the successful maintenance of what is frequently a difficult equipoise. This is particularly the case with the book before us. The scaffolding of the story is seen at once to rest upon a foundation of complex mental balances which do not readily lend themselves to readjustment in miniature within the limits of a short review. The central figure, Baliol Garth, tutor for many years to a motherless boy between whom and himself there is the closest affection, suddenly finds himself in a position which practically compels him to promote or retard a re-marriage between the boy's father, Gerald Osprey, and the daughter of Osprey's senior partner in a shipping concern, the consummation of which within a week is represented to him by his employer as the only hope of saving both partners from financial ruin, Osprey from arrest for embezzlement, and the boy Ninian from the consequences of his father's disgrace. Into the subtleties of the situation, subtleties rendered more intricate still by various dispositions and relationships, we cannot enter here. But when all is said, the ethical issue from an objective point of view is so plain that it is no formal achievement on Mr. Gissing's part to retain all our interest while first a rather far-fetched idealism is pitted against a woman's instinctive reluctance, next, while intense reactionary emotion over-bears diplomacy, and, last, while altruism struggles hard against passion, in this highly complicated affair. In point of fact it is quite likely that many readers will hardly realise the bearing that it all has upon the ultimate issue of the tale, so great is the charm that is interwoven about

the high comradeship between Ninian, Garth, and Mabel Calderwood. Set deep in the scenery of the coast-line, near the Scottish border, this clouded, sun-flecked, half-tragic idyll is delightful while it lasts, not the least of its fascinations being a resemblance, irresistibly evoked, between this and another similar group of three in a wholly different environment—Crossjay, Vernon, and Clara Middleton. If it had all ended with the marriage of Garth and Mabel, with fresh horizons for Ninian, few, perhaps, would have troubled their heads as to what became of the one disreputable actor in these scenes. But Gerald Osprey has gone to prison entrusting his boy (who knows little of him and nothing of his disgrace) to the man who has, in his view, played the traitor. And so the coil is carried to the end, the second stage being occupied by Ninian, the third by Gerald Osprey. That events might possibly have worked together for the *dénouement* we reluctantly concede. Yet some may experience a half-admiring discontent that a protagonist, the poet in whom is so hardly contained by the self-disciplined scholar and philosopher, should never have been granted (even in the interests of others) those higher flashes of imagination which would have enabled him upon occasion to play the man of the world.

The Country-House Party. By DORA SIGERSON SHORTER. (Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.)

NEITHER the country-house nor the party has much to do with this collection of short stories. They might just as well have been published with separate titles and without the thin connecting thread. They are of varying interest and value, but, like Mrs. Shorter's other work, they are rich in ideas. Some are light and amusing, some are touched with real poetry, some are weighted with tragedy to which the author's craftsmanship is hardly equal. In the first story Mrs. Shorter has succeeded where many fail, for she has persuaded us to sympathise with the woman who is oppressed and wearied by her commonplace surroundings. As a rule, when we read of these women we feel sorry for the poor "surroundings," who probably have to wear shirts without buttons. But Mrs. Shorter shows us a soul's tragedy, the martyrdom of a clever, imaginative woman doomed to be the wife and mother of fools. The story of Mike O'Dwyer is a witty Irish anecdote of feminine perversity and ingenuity. Mrs. Shorter proves here that she has when she chooses a light touch and a vein of kindly humour. But she chooses often to handle the mighty themes of love, jealousy, and violent death, and we cannot say of her that she always rises to her occasion. The situation over and over again is fine, but the treatment slight and unrelievedly sentimental. The deep poetical feeling that seems to have fathomed the author's ideas but failed of their full development does find expression in one story. The man who leads a safe and unadventurous life is confronted with the man exposed to all life's storms and miseries: and one spirit cries to the other desiring change. This they achieve, and after many years meet again without regret. The two scenes in the rich man's study appeal to the imagination; and it is their truth, not their unreality that remains in the mind. Mrs. Shorter has poetical insight. But some one unpoetical and attentive should read her proofs and put in proper stops. We object to the following sentence as it stands:

"Such excitement, all the girls in their prettiest dresses, and the matrons anxious and happy, for it was a market day to go to Mrs. Henderson's, as all the best young men of the county would be there, and here were a few pretty young maids to sell."

A Prima Donna's Romance. By F. W. HAYES. (Hutchinson, 6s.)

MR. HAYES has for once abandoned historical romance, with which his name is chiefly associated, and given us a story of modern life, rich in romantic episodes and strong situations. The plot is ingenious, and unfolds itself with the right amount of twisting and turning to keep the reader's attention always alert. The lovely prima donna, Dione Kastalia, and her twin sister, Zoe, believe themselves

to be the daughters of a Greek brigand, and suffer many things because of his cruelty and greed. Their lovers also sustain material and intellectual damage at his hands, which culminates in their capture and sentence to death. Among other services it falls to the lot of one of the lovers to rescue Zoe from drowning, and Dione from death by fire, and both men show courage and devotion worthy of knights of old. The twins' real father, in ignorance of the tie, constitutes himself their protector, and therefore the enemy of the brigand. He is an eccentric creature, and withal attractive and possible; his shrewd, lively sayings count for something in the reader's enjoyment of these pages. The author's touch is bold and firm in handling his heroes and brigands: he is not so happy with the twin sisters, who are but slight sketches of a conventional type of gentle heroine. Mr. Hayes' cleverly worked out and exciting romance is adorned with a frontispiece by his own hand, and the volume is dedicated to the memory of that sturdy genius, John Brett, A.R.A.

A Vagrant Englishwoman. By CATHERINE I. DODD. (Smith, Elder, 6s.)

THE real theme of this book is the emancipation of women in Germany. That is the subject which, like the silver thread of a river seen in a landscape from a high place, keeps appearing and disappearing and reappearing. The landscape through which it meanders is the conversation and doings of a handful of people in a small German University town. The Englishwoman presents herself to us at a pension in the midst of a carefully selected group of boarders. There are the Frau Doktor, the proprietress, the Cynic, the Poet, the Silent American, the Boy, and others, all happily conceived and portrayed—individually. The fault is, perhaps, that for truth to life they are a little too carefully selected. The dramatic aptness with which they are contrasted makes for unreality, for it occasions broad and frequently misleading, generalities. The Cynic, for instance, may exist—probably he does, but we doubt whether he would exist with quite the complacent calm that he enjoys in the book. In an ordinary German *pension* frequented by students they would look askance at such a man. The educated German's code of deportment towards ladies differs essentially in one respect only from that of the Englishman—he recognises no obligation of politeness to absolute strangers. He would not regard it as incumbent upon him, for example, to make way for a strange lady on the public footpath. But if the lady have the least claim to his acquaintance, if she be sitting, say, at the same hostess's table, his polish of manner is unimpeachable. Such points as these, however, need not trouble the average reader. Miss Dodd keeps her puppets moving in a very entertaining atmosphere of dry wit and shrewd common sense, and she shows a keen eye for the details of German life which are worth describing.

The Conscience of a King. By ARCHIBALD C. GUNTER. (Ward, Lock, 6s.)

THE reminiscences of a French police agent in the seventeenth century are bound by their nature to provide sensational incidents, and M. Pomereu takes a modest delight in detailing his share in the plots and crimes herein described. Tears, terror, false accusation, torture of lovely ladies, duels, devotion of gallant lovers, awake echoes of the tales of long ago. Pomereu's chief exploit is the hunting down of a beautiful countess designed by Mme. de Maintenon, "The King's Conscience," for a terrible punishment, and the last page leaves the defenceless girl condemned to untold torments of mind and body. The characters are mere puppets which lighten in some degree the wear and tear of the reader's feelings—the only creature who lives in M. Pomereu's story is the spaniel Bambazoo. Probably because the author knows a Bambazoo, and does not know a Pomereu or his victims. The only way to enjoy the story is to accept everything as it comes, and question nothing: in such wise readers may find it a sufficiently exciting and moving tale.

THE DRAMA

THE EARLIEST FRENCH PLAYERS IN LONDON

ALTHOUGH the custom had long prevailed in France and Italy, it was not until 1629 that an attempt was made to introduce female performers on to the English stage. On the fourth of November of that year, as appears from the office-book of Sir H. Herbert, the Master of Revels, he received "£2 as his fee for allowing of a French company to play a farce at Blackfriars." Prynne, in a marginal note to his "*Histriomastix*" (1633) refers to this event in somewhat opprobrious terms :

"Some French women, or monsters rather, in Michaelmas term 1629, attempted to act a French play at the playhouse in Blackfriars; an impudent, shameful, unwomanish, graceless, if not more than w— attempt."

But, in spite of the jeremiads of "prick-eared Prynne," we learn that

"there was a great resort to some French women actresses in a play not long since personated in Blackfriars playhouse."

It was, however, only curiosity that drew a crowded house, for it appears that the venture proved an utter failure on account of the Londoners' hypersensitive notions of feminine decorum. One Thomas Brade voiced the general opinion in a letter presumably addressed to the then Bishop of London :

"Furthermore," wrote that worthy, "you should know, that last daye certain vagrant French players, who had been expelled from their owne contrey, and those women, did attempt, thereby giving just offence to all virtuous and well disposed persons in this town, to act a certain lascivious and unchaste comedye, in the French tongue at the Blackfryers. Glad I am to saye they were hissed, booted, and pippelted from the stage; so as I do not thinke they will soone be ready to trie the same againe. Whether they had licence for so doing I know not; but I do know that, if they had licence it were fit that the Master [of the Revels] be called to account for the same."

Nothing daunted, however, by such outbursts of public feeling, the French company appeared again a fortnight later at the Red Bull Theatre, though with as little success as before. Their third attempt was made three weeks after the second, at the Fortune playhouse; and again they failed. Sir H. Herbert's office-book contains the following entry in reference to this performance :

"For allowinge of a French companie att the Fortune to play one afternoon this 14 day of December 1629—£1";

whilst, in a note to the above, Herbert informs us

"I should have had another piece, but in respect of their ill-fortune I was content to bestow a piece back."

The unfortunate experience of these pioneers of the French drama in England appears for some years to have disheartened others of their profession from crossing the Channel; but in 1635, another company played privately before the Queen, "and being recommended by her Majesty to the King," were allowed to perform at the Cockpit in Whitehall, where they appeared, "with good approbation," in a light comedy called *Melise*. Nor was this all; for Herbert proceeds, "they had the benefit of playing on the sermon days, and got £200 at least, besides many rich clothes that were given them." This second company, mindful of English susceptibilities, included no actresses; and for many years to come women's parts on our stage continued to be played by boys.

Being compelled to give up the Cockpit Theatre at Easter to Beeston and the Queen's English players, the French actors performed the *Trompeur puni* at Court, "with better approbation than the other"; and, such was their enterprise, that within a month of this date we find them installed at Drury Lane, where the King had given up to them the "manage house," a part of the riding-school, in order that it might be converted into a play-house. This was on December 21, 1635, and Herbert is careful to remark :

"These Frenchmen were commended to me by the Queen, and have passed through my hands gratis."

though it transpires that he allowed them to give his deputy £3 for his pains!

Such was the chequered history of the first French players who appeared on our stage. Under the Restoration they seem to have been treated with more consideration. Writing on August 30, 1661, Pepys notes in his Diary :

"Then my wife and I to Drury Lane to the French comedy, which was so ill-done, and the scenes and company and everything else so nasty and out of order and poor, that I was sick all the while in my mind to be there. Here my wife met with a son of my Lord Somersett, a pretty man; I showed him no great countenance to avoyd further acquaintance. That done there being nothing pleasant but the foolery of the farce, we went home."

One cannot help suspecting, however, that the prettiness of "my Lord Somersett's son" had not a little to do with the worthy Samuel's poor opinion of the French comedians; and it would be unfair to accept this as a serious criticism of their art.

The *Gentlemen's Magazine* for October 1738 contains the following notice, which shows that the troubles of French actors in London were not yet over :

"October 9th, By Authority—By the French company of comedians —*L'Embaras de Richesse*. Soon after the Licensing Act it was resolved to bring a set of players from abroad, and place them upon this stage, from whence our own had been just expelled. But when the bill appeared for the first performance of these French actors, with the word 'Authority' placed at the top, the public were stung to the quick, and thought themselves concerned to resent the insult put upon them by the Lord Chamberlain."

A riot ensued, and

"the public would not permit the French players to perform, at a time when many poor English actors had been deprived of their livelihood by Act of Parliament, and were in gaol for debt."

Thus the ill-starred French company fell victims to English political faction. A translation of the comedy which was to have been given was made by Ozell in 1735, under the title of *The Plague of Riches*, with the text and translation printed on opposite pages.

It was in 1828 that Mdlle. Mars, the first of the many great French actresses who have played in London, made her appearance on our stage. She carried all before her. Hazlitt, who did not wear his heart upon his sleeve, was wildly enthusiastic on her interpretation of the part of Célimène in *Le Misanthrope*:

"Her first few simple sentences," he wrote, "her 'Mon ami' at her lover's first ridiculous suggestion, the mingled surprise, displeasure and tenderness in the tone—her little peering eyes, full of languor and archness of meaning—the peaked nose and thin compressed lips, opening into an indulgent cordial smile—her self-possession, her slightest gesture—the ease and rapidity of her utterance, every word of which was perfectly distinguished—the playful, wondering good nature with which she humours the Misanthrope's eccentricities throughout, and the finer tone of sense and feeling in which she rejects his final proposal, must stamp her a favourite with the English as with the French part of the audience."

Yet, he adds :

"Mlle. Mars is neither handsome nor delicately formed. She has not the light airy grace, nor the evanescent fragility of appearance which distinguished Miss Farren, but more point and meaning, or more of the intellectual part of comedy."

But in spite of her hearty reception by the English public, her season was not a comfortable one, owing to the vexations she experienced at the hands of her manager, Laporte. In a letter to him, dated July 5, after expressing her surprise at the tone of his last communication, she hints that her dealings with him seem destined to be disagreeable. One of the articles of contract stipulated that she was not to play at any theatre or in any private drawing-room, either gratuitously or otherwise.

"This," she says, "I have never been accustomed to, and if you insist upon it I will at once cancel my engagement. . . . You think, perhaps, that because I am a stranger here, I shall find no one to support me, but you are mistaken."

It is little more than half a century since Rachel appeared in London, and aroused boundless enthusiasm; and on the favour won since then by French players on the English stage there is no need to dwell.

"L'AGE D'AIMER" AT TERRY'S THEATRE

THE contemporary French stage is commonly supposed to be immeasurably superior to our own, and, although superficially this is undoubtedly the case, whether in essentials it is so may well be questioned. Certainly the men now writing for the one are, as a body, more intellectual—more interested in life and far more interesting in their views of it—than those now writing for the other; but their knowledge of the theatre as a medium seems to be, if as great, at least no greater. M. Pierre Wolff's *L'Age d'Aimer* is a fair specimen of the obliquely and gently didactic pieces of which just now our neighbours are so fond. It deals, in a characteristic but to the Englishman somewhat unpleasant *milieu*, with the inability of the middle-aged to absorb the whole devotion of the young, and, although the writing is clever and distinguished, the general treatment of the subject is entirely ineffective. For what M. Wolff has done is to record the sufferings of a woman of forty unable to "hold" a lover ten years her junior—and to record them only. We see her struggling with herself just before, in spite of a bitter previous experience, she yields to his attack; troubled by the discovery of the letter which first tells her of a younger rival; tortured by the sight of the first embrace, and finally resigned when, although her lover has returned to his allegiance, she realises that it will not be for long. "Tu me feras souffrir encore . . . tu te rapprocheras de moi, comme en ce moment, pour me faire croire . . . puis tu me rendras à mes peines." But, although we see that Geneviève is moved, the exact nature of her emotions we never realise. We feel, if we feel at all, not with but for her. Not once does the author put us in her place, not once does he succeed in making her experience an experience personal to ourselves—in enabling us, in short, to appreciate her feeling through our own. The piece is not a play; it is a story, a mere statement—and statement not only wastes the theatre but is wasted in it. Madame Réjane's performance is necessarily superficial, but it is at moments consummate of its kind.

FINE ART

PAINTING IN LITTLE

OF the many branches of art production which at the present day reflect the very spirit of the aesthetic culture of days gone by, none exercises a deeper fascination over the imagination than does that of miniature painting. The reason of this is not far to seek. As is pointed out by Mr. Dudley Heath in his valuable and exhaustive monograph, "Miniatures" (Methuen, 25s. net)—the latest addition to the Connoisseur's Library—the appeal it makes is a personal one, conveying to the mind more completely than any other the realities of the past.

"In it," he says, "we see reflected the fashions and vanities, the graces and quaintnesses of our ancestors, and in the miniatures of mediæval manuscripts we have mirrored for us the religious and social life of each period, which adds an historical value we can hardly overestimate. . . . The companionable proportions of the miniature portrait," he adds, "make peculiar appeal to my affections";

and here perhaps he puts his finger on the secret of its charm, for it can be carried everywhere by its possessor, worn next the heart by the lover of the person portrayed, and if need be it is easily concealed.

"Unlike the life-size portrait, it is," says Mr. Heath, "truly described as being always in scale, superficially and artistically, with its surroundings, and while it does not so grossly challenge our comparison, it may still be an invaluable historical and biographical record."

Although this most sympathetic writer admits that miniature painting was first introduced into England by Holbein, he justly claims that its greatest exponents since have undoubtedly been Englishmen, who, though "painters

in little, will bear comparison with the greatest portrait-painters of their time."

These preliminary quotations are enough to show how thorough a grip the critic has of his subject, and how fully he recognises the many directions in which the influence of the miniaturist is felt. He recognises how intimately the history of painting in little is bound up with that of the country in which it was practised, and he traces with unerring hand its evolution from its very earliest starting-point in illuminated manuscripts to the latest phase of its modern revival. He hints indeed at an even more remote origin, for he suggests that the first illuminations were the late outcome of pre-historic efforts at pictorial representation; but he wisely refrains from dwelling long upon a topic, which, however interesting, is, it must be owned, somewhat irrelevant.

It has long been the custom to treat the two subjects of illumination and miniature-painting as distinct, or at least to infer that the link between them, if it ever existed, is now lost. But Mr. Heath declares that there actually exist many examples of portraits painted into manuscripts, especially those of the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and he points out that there was a very close connection indeed between the Renaissance painters and the illuminators and miniaturists of that period. He dwells also on the beautiful decorative sense with which the early portrait miniaturists arranged their subject in the square, round or oval shape, whilst their technique recalled the very best traditions of the finest illuminated manuscripts.

After giving a description of the chequered childhood of illumination in its parent land of Egypt, and of its first migrations to other countries, which reads like some Oriental romance, so clearly is the relation between the art and human emotion brought out, Mr. Heath describes in minute detail the finest existing examples and the methods employed by their artists. The Byzantine, Anglo-Celtic, Anglo-Saxon, Carolingian and Gothic miniaturists are passed in able review; the new features and improvements are noted that were introduced in the fourteenth century, when, says Mr. Heath, the Renaissance was slowly but surely budding and putting forth new leaves; the influence of the invention of printing on the art of the miniaturist is traced, the narrative growing in interest as the golden age of painting is approached; the sad but inevitable decadence in the early years of the eighteenth century; the brief but glorious revival that succeeded that decadence; the ups and downs of the nineteenth century with the wonderful fusion of the present and the past which took place in its last decade, and out of which sprang the art of the present day, are each and all with their distinctive peculiarities brought vividly before the reader, every section of the work being full of pregnant suggestion as well as of carefully sifted and trustworthy data.

In his criticism of the various masters noticed, Mr. Heath shows an intimate insight into the peculiarities that set each of them apart from his contemporaries, as when he says of Nicolas Hilliard: "His great skill of elaboration charms principally by its minuteness and finesse of handling rather than its richness of quality and colour," adding that for all that:

"It will not inspire the student, for the excellencies are those of a craftsman well trained in the use of his tools rather than of an artist inspired by nature and instinct with individuality";

as was that of the man whom Hilliard took as his model, the mighty master, Holbein. In his general remarks also Mr. Heath shows himself entirely behind the scenes in his knowledge of how things are, as well as how they should be, done. He distinguishes, for instance, between true and legitimate realism and that of a trivial and insipid type, urging the modern miniaturist to remember that elaboration should be carried no further than is useful to truth and beauty and not injurious to breadth and dignity. His account of what has been done of recent years is especially interesting in view of the many pitfalls that await the feet

of the unwary enthusiast, and his remarks on the opportunities of the twentieth century should be read and pondered by every one interested in the revival of the art.

"We are," he says, "heirs to the accumulated experience, knowledge, and genius that have slowly and surely added branch to branch, leaf to leaf, and blossom to blossom, and to-day give us the fruits of centuries of effort and inspiration.... The artist," he adds, "cannot ignore previous manners of expression; from them he will choose and build up his own language and evolve in practice a manner peculiar to himself."

Avoiding direct criticism of living artists, always an invidious task, Mr. Heath pleads for a healthier and more robust view to be taken of the portrait-miniaturist's art. He asks for truth and dignity, as well as technical skill, for the revelation of character as well as the reproduction of beautiful features. He calls attention to the significant fact that men are nowadays scarcely ever painted in miniature, and he would fain see this restriction removed. He deprecates what he calls the Cosway craze, although he admits that there is very little of that clever but overrated artist left in the phantom which stimulates the craze; and he entreats the modern miniaturist to try to wean public favour from the commercial and mechanical portrait and to place his own art completely outside competition with it. In a word, he holds up a high, though fortunately not an impossible ideal, as will be proved by an examination of the examples he gives of quite recent work, which may usefully be here compared with certain masterpieces of the eighteenth century.

The numerous illustrations enriching this most handsome volume, some in the three-colour process, others in photogravure and collotype, include a great variety of typical miniatures, all reproduced in their original size. Amongst the first, especially beautiful are the "Philip the Good" after a Flemish miniature on vellum of the fifteenth century, the "Portrait of an unknown Gentleman" by Richard Cosway, that of "Sir John Sinclair" by Andrew Plimer, an exceptionally good example of that very unequal master, and that of "Charles Heath" by Andrew Robertson, all excellent interpretations of strongly individualised male characters. Of the black-and-white reproductions, among the best are two bust portraits of men by the comparatively little known Thomas Flatman, the "Likeness of an unknown Gentleman" by C. Jansen, an excellent rendering of a remarkable piece of work, full of life and character; and of modern miniatures the "Portrait of a Young Lady" by Lionel Heath and that of "A Little Girl" by Helena Horwitz.

ART SALES

In the sale at Messrs. Christie's of the collection of unset stones formed by the late Mr. C. H. T. Hawkins, several items touched high prices. A yellow brilliant, 135 $\frac{1}{2}$ carats, realised £1380 (Tannebaum); and another £370 (Fileman); a fine deep-blue sapphire £330 (Nockold), and two others £355 (S. H. Harris); and a cat's-eye, in Indian chased gold box, £560 (Mayer).

At Messrs. Christie's, on Friday, in the sale of porcelain and objects of virtu, the property of the late Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, a set of three old Chinese oviform fluted vases reached 950 gs. (Duveen); and a portrait of Anne of Denmark, Queen of James I., by J. Oliver, 480 gs. (Hodgkins). Of the more important articles in miscellaneous properties, a Louis XV. gold snuff-box, by J. P. Ducrollay, Paris, *circa* 1760, realised £1400 (C. J. Wertheimer); an old Chinese cylindrical vase, with the companion imperfect, £950 (Duveen); a Chelsea vase, painted in four panels with birds in landscapes, 880 gs. (Thompson); and a Sèvres oviform vase, gilding by Vincent, £700 (Hodgkins).

A portrait of Thackeray by L. Poyet, painted about 1840, during the novelist's residence in Paris, fell to Mr. Pearson, at Messrs. Sotheby's on the same day, for £95.

On Saturday Messrs. Christie disposed of Lord Tweedmouth's collection of pictures of the Early English school and works by Old Masters. A Raeburn—portrait of the artist's wife—fell to Mr. Charles Davis, at 8700 gs. A portrait of Raeburn himself was purchased by Messrs. Agnew, on behalf of the National Gallery of Scotland, for 4500 gs. The portrait of Mrs. Lucy Oswald went for 3600 gs. (C. Davis); and Mr. Davis also purchased at 6600 gs. the portrait of Emilia Maria Margaret, daughter of James, first Duke of Leinster, catalogued as by Reynolds; and "Simplicity" (2000 gs.). The single example of George Morland realised 4000 gs. (C. Davis); the

finer of two Hoppers, 3750 gs. (Messrs. Agnew); and Hogarth's "Conversation Piece; an assembly at Wanstead House" fell to Messrs. Agnew for 2750 gs. Later in the day a Hopper, formerly the property of the late Mr. Eugene Collins, rose from 100 gs. to 5800 gs. (A. Wertheimer). The Reynolds portrait of Lady Waldegrave realised 1270 gs. (Messrs. Agnew); the Alexander Nasmyth portrait of Burns, the property of the Misses Cathcart, 1600 gs. (Morton); and a Raeburn portrait of Anna Maria, Countess of Minto, the property of Mr. W. G. Elliot, 1550 gs.

On the continuation of the Hawkins sale on Monday, two gold snuff-boxes realised good prices; one, a Louis XV., chased and enamelled, £1100 (Hamburger); another, a Louis XVI., with panels of dark green enamel, the centre of the lid with an oval plaque painted with Perseus and Andromeda, £410 (Stettiner).

SCIENCE

A CONTROVERTED QUESTION

It might be urged that it is better not to raise the most difficult questions at all than to treat of them in a few hundred words. But plainly that argument would inhibit the writing of essays on anything but the ephemeral or the self-evident; and since the province of the essay is surely to suggest and appetite rather than to expound or satiate, I may dare here to consider one, or two, problems in aesthetics. The controversy is as to the existence or non-existence of a relation between art and morality.

As I hinted the other day, the man who believes that art is related to morality, commonly proceeds to defend his belief by *a posteriori* reasoning. He quotes instances where the relation is obvious, as in the work of Watts or Wagner or Wordsworth. But, as I also hinted, the disputant is apt to meet with difficulties. His illustrations may be fit enough, but his opponents quote others which are most disconcerting. Hence I, for one, as I said, have been led to fortify myself in my belief that there is a relation by the argument: "If art be true, it is a part of Truth and related to other parts of Truth, such as morality: Truth being One." Mr. Tilney suspects—in a happy phrase—that these are "Icarus' wings"; so it behoves me to demonstrate, if possible, that my reasoning is not waxen-jointed, and does not yield before the melting fervour of the Truth; which, I take it, is symbolised by the sun in Mr. Tilney's apt metaphor.

The quotation of what are supposed to be conclusive instances in proof of the "aesthetico-ethical" relation, is unsatisfactory, because it is used in support of the contention that the relation consists in the explicit inculcation of moral truths by any true work of art. Hereupon there enters not only the critic who instances, say, a Whistler Nocturne or a piece of "absolute music," and defies us to name the moral truth which it inculcates (since the beauty of holiness can scarcely be inferred from the beauty of paint), but also, and even more disconcertingly, such a critic as Mr. Davies, who quotes a drama, the *Hippolytus* of Euripides, which, we are told, "shocked the moral and aesthetic sense of Athens," but which is yet a great work of art. In the face of such examples it is impossible to hold that all true art must overtly teach morality. But that was never my contention: which is that, if there be any sense in which the words true and untrue can be applied to any work of art, then true works of art must necessarily be related to all other truths and true things.

Let us take the case cited by Mr. Davies: where the tragedian demonstrates the triumph of licentiousness and the ruin of the innocent and the guilty alike. But I am not compelled to "follow out logically" my "teaching," and describe that play as "false art." On the contrary, it seems to me to teach a truth—that is, to be true to life, that is, to be true art. The truth of this work of art is that also taught in the greatest of all Sermons (!): "He maketh his sun to rise on the just and on the unjust, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." It is the truth that morality is not a matter of usury; that honesty is often not the best materialist policy; that the pure in

heart are blessed not with yachts or titles but in this, that, whether in the literal or a spiritual sense, "they shall see God."

Or take the story of Icarus. Here was a youth who had courage and faith in his father's handiwork: but he and his courage and his wings were flung into the sea. The story is a primitive work of art. If courage and faith were always rewarded, then the story would be false, in the artistic sense, and therefore bad art. But since virtue is its own reward, the story cannot be so characterised. So far am I from maintaining that all true art teaches the triumph or dividend-paying quality of virtue, that I apprehend the conventional "happy ending" and the typical melodrama to be bad art exactly because they teach this triumph; which can be taught only at the cost of truth to life. But the tragedy of *Hippolytus*, or any Greek tragedy that shows us the good man struggling with adversity or overwhelmed by Fate (which surely typifies natural non-moral causation)—is true art (and, as such, is a part of All Truth), exactly because it teaches that virtue is its own and only reward.

In a word, the art which deals with human emotions can be called true only when it is true to life—to the facts of life: and since morality also deals with the facts of life, such art is related to morality; things which are related to the same thing being, through it, related to one another.

But it may be urged, and with much plausibility, that there are certain works of art to which the terms true and untrue are inapplicable. According to Tolstoy, who seems to me to have proved his case, art is concerned with the communication of feeling or emotion. (Note this definition and its expression in Greek as *sympathy*—which is at the heart of morality.) But I have heard one of the most distinguished of living psychologists declare that the "content of an emotion" cannot be called a part of Truth—in the sense in which that word may be, as I think properly, "writ large." An object, for instance, may arouse pleasurable feeling in one man and painful feeling in another, or each to the same man at different times. But surely the occurrence of an emotional state is a *fact*: and, as such, is a part of Truth. If, then, the artist expresses—through the medium of his choice—any emotion which he has experienced, so that that emotion can be reproduced in others, his work, big or little, simple or complex, may properly be called true. If, however, he expresses an emotion which he did not feel, but would have us believe that he felt, then his work is untrue. Such, however, is the nature of things, that this work of his will fail of its intended effect: it is not Art but artifice; and the critic damns it eternally when he calls it insincere. He means that it purports to express an emotion which the *soi-disant* artist did not feel: it is therefore untrue, and must properly be called false art. Thus art may be false or true in a higher and in a lower sense. A drawing may be untrue because it is false to the facts of perspective: a lyric may be untrue because it is false to the facts of emotion. The relation of the higher or creative arts to morality follows from the fact that both are concerned with emotion: but the relation applies even to an outline drawing of an artificial thing, such as a house. If such a drawing is a work of art, and not a mere diagram, it is so because it expresses the artist's pleasurable emotion when looking upon certain lines, or, at any rate, because it arouses such an aesthetic state in the observer, whether the drawing was the work of an artist or an architect's apprentice: and to deny that there is a relation between states of feeling—or what the psychologist calls "feeling-tone"—and morality, is to deny that happiness and morality are related; though it has been proved that the idea of happiness—whether of self or others or God—is an "inexpugnable element" in the conception of Good.

Last, as to Mr. Tilney's accusation that I "hedged behind a parenthesis" when I said that I was not concerned "with the separate question whether the artist should have moral questions in his mind's eye as he works."

I am not concerned with this question because, never having produced the smallest work of art, I am not the proper person to discuss it; and further because it seems to me to be a matter for the artist himself. I believe that some artists are aided by having moral questions in their mind's eye. You will not persuade me that Wagner and Æschylus and Shakespeare and Watts and a thousand more would have done the work they did had they cared not a straw for moral questions: art being the communication of emotion, the artist in whom emotion is aroused by moral questions is likely to work under their influence. Personally I care little for any other kind of artist, but that is beside the point; nor do I question for a moment that a painter may cover a canvas with beauty, though he had no other aim or thought. I apologise for expressing any opinion on this matter, which I had deliberately named as no affair of mine.

But when Mr. Tilney declares that this is not only not a separate question but actually the whole question, it is necessary to dissent, and I venture to hope that many readers will consider that certain questions of importance have been raised in the preceding paragraphs, though they are not at all concerned with what I will continue to think the separate question of the conditions most favourable to the genesis of art. The artist "with a purpose" may often achieve failure through it, yet he has often succeeded in spite of his purpose, or because his purpose has enhanced his emotion; but the artist for art's sake, concerned with nothing but the recording of what he has seen, or what his inward ear has heard, may yet, though he may care nothing for that, influence the *moral* of thousands. The posthumous quartets of the stone-deaf Beethoven are as "absolute" as music can be; but the average man that leaves the doors of the hall where the Joachim Quartet has played one of them, is more likely than before to give to the blind beggar at the corner, or to keep his temper over a belated dinner.

C. W. SALEEBY.

MUSIC

MUSIC FROM WITHOUT

THERE is probably no branch of art which in one form or another appeals so widely to mankind in general as music. The man who likes no music at all, or, further, who actively dislikes all music, is rare indeed; and yet it is extraordinary how few there are who take any more intelligent interest in music as an art than the vague pleasure derived from its elements of rhythm and melody, when these are presented in their most obvious form. Amongst that large, and, one is thankful to think, ever-increasing class of people, who, starting with but a moderate education, continue to educate themselves by the exercise of a natural taste in matters literary and artistic, the same taste is rarely applied in anything like the same degree to music. An instance occurs to my mind of the family of a man holding a high position in one of our Universities, all cultivated people and for the most part gifted with the means of a considerable amount of artistic expression, who nevertheless do not hesitate to invite their musical friends to jingle dance-tunes upon an ancient piano, while they show their appreciation by carrying on conversation and saying "Thank you" at the end. Like cases will occur to the minds of most people; and, on the other hand, the converse often appears to be no less true. Musical ability, whether in performance or appreciation, is often found in conjunction with a lack of refinement or of education in other directions, and this fact is so patent to every one and has in the past wrought such disaster to the cause of music, that I do not care to dwell upon it. I only wish to accentuate the fact that musical cultivation is further removed from general education than is that of its sister arts. A public speaker, be he statesman, preacher or

lecturer, makes it his business to cultivate something of a literary style; he is ready with some apt quotations from classical prose and poetry; he alludes gracefully to the sculptures of Greece, and finds a fitting illustration amongst the masterpieces of Michelangelo. Then in a luckless hour he tries his hand at music: he speaks of the sublime melodies of Rossini, the lofty genius of Gounod, and if he has any musical auditors they find it a hard task to repress a smile. We have musicians in plenty; we have an eager public, ready to exercise their intelligence upon music, but, for the most part, needing guidance, and without the preliminary knowledge which would make them able to do so. The musicians cannot be their own interpreters. Browning said he could not be expected to write poetry and explain it, and though this was probably said whimsically, it is none the less true that an artist who gives way to a tendency towards foot-notes, runs the risk of ruining his work. It may be true that the greatest works are self-evident, and yet there is much in every art which is worth understanding, but which is very far from the ideal of sublime simplicity. We need, then, interpreters, and further, such interpreters as can speak, not with the didactic self-assurance of the man who knows and will impart his knowledge to us, but with the sympathy of one walking the same road with us, who through stronger eyesight or more minute observation has made a discovery which we might have passed over. It is that quality of "professionalism," ugly in all departments of life, hideous in connection with an art, which mars the utterances about music of men who have given their lives to its serious study. It is the opposite quality, the wide sympathy with all phases of life, from practical engineering to the sentiment of Tennyson's "In Memoriam," which enabled Sir George Grove to do more to help on the general appreciation of music in England than any man whose whole life has been devoted to the art.

Sir Edward Elgar, speaking at Birmingham lately, made an excellent proposal as a part of his scheme for musical education at the new University there. He spoke of it as a wish very near to his heart to get men eminent in other capacities to give their views on music in the form of lectures. It is, of course, probable that such a proposal carried into effect would in many cases reveal a lack of discrimination and a vagueness of idea which would minimise the instructive value of the lectures, but instruction would not be their aim, nor is it that which is most needed at present. What is wanted is a sympathetic discussion of musical subjects in connection with everyday life. I feel convinced that there are many readers of the ACADEMY who pass over the articles headed "Music," as outside their range, but who nevertheless read with intense interest Dr. Saleeby's illustration of his argument on the fear of death by an allusion to Elgar's "Dream of Gerontius." Again, to me, who can lay no claim to a scientific understanding, his able allusions to his experiences at the performances of *Siegfried* and the *Valkyrie* elucidate his position with regard to science in a way which no amount of scientific language could do. It may seem a platitude in these latter days to suggest that people's interest can only be aroused in a new subject by showing its relation to something in which they are already interested, and yet there are actually to be found those who would have each man preach his own little gospel in a tongue unknown to the majority of his fellows, and who shout their shibboleths of "Art for art's sake," "Science pure and undefiled," until their real meaning is forgotten, and men shrink from the littleness of that which, in reality, rests upon the broadest basis. The purport of music needs explaining. People do not want to be told: "This is good music; that is bad. Admire this; hate that." They have suffered this sort of direction long enough, and, from its oftentimes conflicting statements, have grown to distrust it. What they do want is to be put into the way of forming such judgments for themselves. It does not so much matter what those judgments are at first, so long as they are the individual

exercise of thought. Then those who aspire to help others by writing or talking about music, must give up the hopeless habit of defining or explaining *ignotum per ignotius*; they must be themselves in touch with other interests, must prove their right to speak by the possession of a wider outlook imparted to them by their art, not a narrower. There is a narrowness, that which belongs to the man of real genius, which is excusable, nay almost essential to his doing the special work which is his mission. We forgive him for being a man of one idea, if that idea be one which has power greatly to enrich the world; but even here the narrowness is one of outward seeming rather than of reality. Beethoven passed for a recluse, a man apart, unapproachable, but his real sympathy with the life of the world at large appears in the "Eroica," as well as in the Fifth and Ninth Symphonies. With little men it is different. Their one link with greatness is their link with humanity, and if they lose that they are nothing. Those who give their lives to music are in danger of losing it. But music is for all, not for the few; the link must never be broken or lost, rather it must be strengthened by every possible means. It is outside the circle of so-called "musicians" that most can be done in this respect. Every cultivated and disciplined mind brought to bear on musical matters is a help, and we want more to undertake this work, since such are in fact the mediators between the artist and the public, between genius and the world.

H. C. C.

BOOK SALES

SALE OF ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS, HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS AND AUTOGRAPH LETTERS

The sale of the above collection of books, ancient and modern, illuminated manuscripts, historical documents, autograph letters, miniature paintings, etc., took place at Messrs. Sotheby's on June 1, 2, and 3. The highest price obtained was for two miniature paintings portraying the Nativity, in a rim with five figures and several angels, surrounded by five scenes from the life of the Virgin and the childhood of Jesus Christ, by an artist of the Flemish School, early sixteenth century. £605 (Quaritch). Next to this came The Tragedie of Antonie, done into English by the Countesse of Pembroke, and Mornay's Discourse of Life and Death, done into English by the same (Sir Philip Sidney's sister). £560 (Jackson). The other leading lots sold were as follows: Psalterium Davidis Regis et Versione Vulgate Bibliae. A finely written English manuscript on vellum. £500 (Quaritch). Biblia Sacra Latina. MS. on vellum. £200 (Quaritch). Thackeray's Lectures on the English Humourists. Lecture II. Congreve and Addison. MS. The copy used by Thackeray to lecture from with corrections in his own hand. £115 (Pearson). Horae Beatae Marie Virginis cum Calendario. A richly illuminated Dutch MS. on vellum. [1489.] £164 (Robson). Another MS. same subject. By Anglo-French scribe. £100 (Quaritch). Blake (William). The Marriage of Heaven and Hell. A copy of the extremely rare original issue. £150 (Stephens). Blake (Wm.). The Book of Thel. 1789. £67 (Dobell). Blake (William). Visions of the Daughters of Albion. Original edition, 1793. £105 (Leighton). Garrick. The Private Correspondence of David Garrick with the Most Celebrated Persons of his Time. 2 vols. 1831-1832. Extra illustrated. £31 (Pearson). Nine letters of Garrick to various persons realised £52 11s. 6d. Thackeray. An original Portrait, by L. Poyet. About 1840. £95 (Pearson). Cowley, Abraham, autograph letter to John Evelyn. 1666. £21 (Dunton). De Quincey, Thomas, Journal, written during 1803. £66 (Steele). FitzGerald's translation of Omar Kayyam. Rare first edition, published by Bernard Quaritch in 1859. £40 (Quaritch). Shelley. Autograph letter to Ollier, publisher. 1820. £24 (Sabin). Burns. Autograph love-letter. 1 page. £15 5s. (Peace). Camden's Britannia: enlarged by Gough. Second edition. Extra illustrated and extended to 10 vols. 1806. £30 (Daniell). De Bry's Voyag. 1590-1622. £20 (Quaritch). Fowler's Engravings of the principal Mosaic Pavements discovered in Great Britain. 1798-1821. £25 (Ellis). Harte, Bret. A Secret of Telegraph Hill. Autograph MS. £22 (Marlowe). Same. The Chatelaine of Burnt-Ridge. Autograph MS. £20 (Maggs). Same. A Ward of the Golden Gate. Autograph MS. £50 (Maggs). Engravings from the Works of Sir Thomas Lawrence. £31 10s. (Bumpus). Marvell Andrew. 1660. £15 (Pearson). Reynolds, Sir Joshua. Works. 315 plates. 1820-1823. £53 (Sabin). R. L. Stevenson's Works. "Edinburgh Edition." £27 (Bumpus). Baskerville's Classics. 4 vols. Original edition. 1772-3. £14 15s. (Maggs). Ackermann's Microcosm of London. Coloured. £18 5s. (Hornstein). The Bible. 1549. Mathew's version, revised by Becke. It has the

"Bugges" reading in Psalm xci. £28 (Marlowe). Richard Rolle de Hampole's *The Prick of Conscience*. MS. on vellum. £50 (Quaritch). Lord Lilford's coloured Figures of the Birds of the British Islands. 1885-1897. First edition. £45 (Lawson). Shelley. First editions. *Revolt of Islam*. 1818. £4 (Bumpus). Rosalind and Helen. 1819. £7 15s. (Hornstein). Posthumous Poems. 1824. £4 15s. (Hornstein). *The Whole booke of Psalms collected into English meetre by T. Sternhold, etc.* Black letter. 1607. £26 10s. (Quaritch). Two illuminated miniatures representing The Last Supper and Pentecost. *French School, fifteenth century*. £142 (Warton). Scott, Sir Walter. *Waverley Novels*. Complete set of First edition (except Waverley, Guy Mannering, etc.). 74 vols. £40 (Coutts). Same. *Poetical Works*. Original edition. 7 vols. £20 10s. (Sainton). Same. Memorandum of Agreement between Sir Walter Scott and Constable & Co. Holograph of Sir W. Scott. 1819. £48 (Quaritch). This relates to the copyrights of *Waverley*, *Guy Mannering*, etc. Same. Another Agreement with Messrs. Constable & Co. relating to the copyrights of Ivanhoe, etc. Holograph of Sir W. Scott. 1821. £41 (Quaritch). Same. Letter to Messrs. Constable accepting £5250 for the copyright of *The Pirate*, *Fortunes of Nigel*, *Peveril of the Peak*, and *Quentin Durward*. 1823. £14 (Quaritch). Same. Assignments of the copyrights of the Border Minstrels, &c. 1805. £10 (Quaritch). Letter from Kitty Clive to David Garrick. £10 5s. (Barrington). Letter from Sarah Siddons to Mrs. Garrick. £4 (Siddons). Log Book of the "Prince George" kept by H.R.H. Prince William Henry (afterwards William the IV). 1779-1783. £11 (Quaritch). *The Temple of Love*, by Inigo Jones and Sir Wm. Davenant. 1634. First edition. £4 4s. (Maggie). Bewick's History of British Birds. 2 vols. 1797-1804. First edition. £3 4s. (Maggie). Browning, Robert. Original autograph poem. "The North and the South." £10 (Quaritch). Mrs. Inchbald. Diary filled with Domestic and Dramatic Notes. 1783. £12 (Pearson). Lamb, Tales from Shakespear. 1807. Adventures of Ulysses. 1808. First edition. £13 15s. (Spencer). Lamb's Works. 2 vols. 1818. £22 (Dobell). Inscribed to Southey. Ackerman's University of Oxford and his History of Winchester, etc. 1814-1816. £41 (Hornstein). Boswell (Johnson's biographer). Autograph Letter from. 1790. £9 (Sotheran). Lovat, Simon Lord. Letter to his Cousin Glenary. 1741. £4 10s. (Woods). Smith's British Mezzotinto Portraits. 4 vols. 1884. £23 (Sotheran). White's Natural History of Selborne. 1789. First edition. £5 5s. (Hornstein). King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Illuminated MS. on vellum. £26 (Leighton). Lease of the Middle Park at Eltham with portrait and signature of Queen Henrietta Maria. 1662-1663. £19 10s. (Marlowe). Warrant for payments in relation to Masque performed before the Queen signed by Charles I. 1627. £16 (Quaritch).

The total amount realised was £5971 12s.

Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge announce the sale on June 19 and five following days of the third portion of the Library of Mr. Joseph Knight, the Editor of *Notes and Queries*. It chiefly consists of Works by the best-known English and French Writers on Poetry, Literature and the Drama.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Royal Academy Pictures 1905. Parts I.-IV. Cassell, 7s. 6d. Dryhurst, A. R. *Raphael*. Methuen, Little Books on Art, 2s. 6d. net. Walters, H. B. *History of Ancient Pottery, Greek, Etruscan and Roman*. Based on the work of Samuel Birch. Two volumes, with 300 illustrations, including eight coloured Plates. Murray, 6s. net.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Leveson-Gower, Hon. F. *Bygone Years: Recollections*. Murray, 12s. net. Bellasis, Edward. *Cherubini, Memorials illustrative of His Life*. New edition. Birmingham: Cornish Brothers, 6s. net. Douglas, Sir George, Bart. *The Life of Major-General Wauchoppe*, C.B., C.M.G., LL.D. Hodder & Stoughton, Popular edition, 6s. Tschudi, Clara. *Maria Sophia, Queen of Naples*. A continuation of *The Empress Elizabeth*. Translated from the Norwegian by Ethel Harriet Hearn. Sonnenchein, 7s. 6d. Osborne, Chas. E. *The Life of Father Dolling*. Newnes, New edition, 6d. Cowan, Henry, D.D. *John Knox, the Hero of the Scottish Reformation*. Putnam, Heroes of the Reformation, 6s. Millar, A. H. *Mary Queen of Scots*. Her Life Story. Edinburgh: Brown; London: Simpkin, Marshall, 2s. 6d. net.

CLASSICAL.

Aristophanes. *The Acharnians*. Edited by C. E. Graves. Cambridge University Press, Pitt Press Series, 3s. Long, F. P. *Outlines from Plato, an Introduction to Greek Metaphysics*. Oxford: Blackwell; London: Simpkin, Marshall, 2s. 6d. net. Platt, Hugh E. P. *Byways in the Classics, including Alia*. Oxford: Blackwell; London: Simpkin, Marshall, 3s. 6d. net.

DRAMA.

Borgia: a Period Play. Bullen, 3s. 6d. net.

EDUCATIONAL.

Blackie's Model Readers. Book I., 8d.; Book II., 10d. Selections from the Poetry of Edmund Spenser. Blackie, English Classics, ad. Shakespeare. *The Life of King Henry V*. With Notes, etc., by W. H. Hudson. Illustrated. Dent's Shakespeare for Schools, 1s. 4d.

FICTION.

Smith, E. A. *Dorothy's Holiday, and other Stories*. Together with a short series of Essays on the Courtship of Miles Standish. Drane, 3s. 6d. Home, Alice Jane. *Helen Murdoch, or Treasures of Darkness*. The Religious Tract Society, 2s. Stretton, Hesba. *The Soul of Honour*. The Religious Tract Society, 2s. 6d. Kenyon, E. C. *The Heroes of Moss Hall School*. A Public School Story. The Religious Tract Society, 3s. 6d. Meldrum, Mark. *Knox Rannoch's Prophecy*. A tale of the Sundered Scottish Sect for men and women of all Kirks. Aberdeen: Munro, 1s. Firbank, Arthur Annesley Ronald. *Odette D'Antrevilles and A Study in Temperament*. Mathews, 2s. net. Masefield, John. *A Mainsail Haul*. Frontispiece by Jack B. Yeats. Mathews, 1s. net and 1s. 6d. net. Munro, Neil. *Children of Tempest: a Tale of the Outer Isles*. New edition. Blackwood, 3s. 6d. Winter, John Strange. *Just as it Was*. A Novel. White, 6s. Hume, Fergus. *The Scarlet Bat*. A Detective Story. White, 6s. Kernahan, Mrs. Coulson. *The Whisperer*. White, 6s. Whishaw, Fred. *A Grand Duke of Russia: A Story of the Upheaval*. White, 6s. Fletcher, J. S. *Grand Relations*. A Rustic Comedy. Unwin, 6s. Hobbes, John Oliver. *The Flute of Pan*. A Romance. Unwin, 6s. (See p. 615). Shorter, Dora Sigerson. *The Country-House Party*. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. (see p. 616). Queux, William Le. *Who giveth this Woman?* Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. Meadows, Alice Maud. *I Charge You Both*. Digby, Long, 6s. Vernon-Harcourt, F. C. *The Devil's Derelicts*. Digby, Long, 2s. 6d. Erck, C. A. Wentworth. *A Bunch of Shamrocks*. Stories for young People. Digby, Long, 6s. Macquoid, Katherine S. *A Village Chronicle*. Digby, Long, 6s. Furniss, Harry. *Poverty Bay*. A Nondescript Novel. Chapman & Hall, 6s. Gyp (Gabrielle de Mirabeau, Comtesse de Martel). *Cloclo*. Translated by Nora M. Statham. Chatto & Windus, 3s. 6d. Marshall, Archibald. *Peter Binney, Undergraduate*. Fourth edition. Rivers, 2s. 6d. net. Moore, Frank Frankfort. *Castle Omeragh*. Constable, 2s. 6d. net. Told to the Children Series. Macgregor, Mary. *Stories of King Arthur's Knights*. With Pictures by Katherine Cameron. H. E. Marshall. *Stories of Robin Hood*. With Pictures by A. S. Forrest. Jack, 1s. net each. Austin, Mary. *Isidro*. Illustrated by Eric Pape. Constable, 6s. Gallon, Tom. *Lagden's Luck*. Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d. Bradby, G. F. *The Marquis's Eye*. Smith, Elder, 6s. Adams, Andy. *The Outlet*. Constable, 6s. Diehl, Alice M. *Bread Upon the Waters*. A Novel. Hurst & Blackett, 6s. Henry, Arthur. *The Unwritten Law*. A Novel. Nutt, 6s. Ouida. *Le Selve, Toxin, An Altruist*. New edition. Long, 6d. Dickberry, F. *The Storm of London*. A Social Rhapsody. New edition. Long, 1s. Bennett, Robert Ames. *For the White Christ*. A Story of the Days of Charlemagne. Putnam, 6s. Syrett, Neita. *The Day's Journey*. Chapman & Hall, 6s. Darlington, H. A. *The Rockcliffs*. A Novel written in "the light of other Days." Jarrold, 3s. 6d.

HISTORY.

Burton, John Hill, D.C.L. *The History of Scotland*, from Agricola's Invasion to the Extinction of the last Jacobite Insurrection. In eight volumes. Vol. II. Blackwood, 2s. 6d. net. Records of the Borough of Leicester. Being a series of Extracts from the Archives of the Corporation of Leicester, 1509-1603. Edited by Mary Bateson. Revised by W. H. Stevenson and J. E. Stocks. Vol. III. Published under the Authority of the Corporation of Leicester. Cambridge University Press, 2s. net. Snowden, C. E. *A Brief Survey of British History*. Comprising an Analysis and Commentary with Appendices illustrative of the points of contact between Great Britain, her Colonies and Foreign Nations. Methuen, 4s. 6d.

LITERATURE.

Derocquigny, Jules. *A Contribution to the Study of the French Element in English*. A Thesis submitted to the Faculty of Letters, University of Lyons. Lille: Le Bigot Bros. Travaut et Mémoires de L'Université de Lille. Derocquigny, Jules. *Charles Lamb, Sa Vie et Ses Œuvres*. Lille: Au Siège de L'Université. De Flagello Myrteo. Thoughts and Fancies on Love. Mathews, 2s. 6d. net. Publications of the Modern Language Association of America. Vol. XX. No. 2. New series. Vol. XIII., No. 2, June 1905. Baltimore: Furst, \$1.00. Moore, Isabel. *Talks in a Library with Laurence Hutton*. Putnam, 10s. 6d. net. Chesterton, Gilbert K. *Heretics*. Lane, 5s. More, Paul Elmer. *Shelburne Essays*. Second series. Putnam, 5s. net. Noteworthy Opinions, Pro and Con. Bacon v. Shakspere. Compiled and edited by Edwin Reed, A.M. Boston: Coburn Publishing Co., 6s. Septem Psalmorum Panitentiam Versio Elegiaca. Facta a Ricardo Johnson Walker. The Bursar, St. Paul's School, 5s. net. Betham, Ernest. *A House of Letters*. Being Excerpts from the Correspondence of Miss Charlotte Jerningham (the Hon. Lady Bedingfeld), Lady Jerningham, Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, Bernard and Lucy Barton, and others, with Matilda Betham; and from diaries and various sources; and a chapter from Landor's Quarrel with Charles Betham at Llanthony. Also notes of some phases in the evolution of an English family. Jarrold, 10s. 6d. net. Golther, Wolfgang. *Richard Wagner as Poet*. Translated by Jessie Haynes. Illustrated Cameos of Literature, edited by George Brandes. Heinemann, 1s. 6d. net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Anon. *Twentieth-Century Alchemy, or The Art of Transmuting Clay into Gold, and Farming, Ex-tensive, In-tensive, Mid-tensive, or the way to repopulate the rural districts*. Duplex edition. Simpkin, Marshall, 1s. My Garden in the City of Gardens. A Memory with Illustrations. Lane, 6s. Du Bois, W. E. Burghardt. *The Souls of Black Folk*. Essays and Sketches. Constable, 5s. net.

MUSIC.

Gilman, Lawrence. *Phases of Modern Music*. Strauss-MacDowell-Elgar-Loeffler-Mascagni-Grieg-Cornelius-Verdi-Wagner. "Parsifal" and its significance. Lane, 4s. net.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

Fox, John, Junior. *Following the Sun-Flag*. A Vain Pursuit through Manchuria. Constable, 3s. 6d. net.

PHILOSOPHY.

Santayana, George. *The Life of Reason or the Phases of Human Progress*, Vol. I. *Introduction and Reason in Common Sense*. Vol. II. *Reason in Society*. Constable, 5s. net each.
Angel, James Rowland. *Psychology*. An Introductory Study of the Structure and Function of Human Consciousness. Second edition, revised. Constable, 7s. 6d. net.

POETRY.

Song Unset. White.
Esher, Eleanor. *Dreamland*. Humphreys, 2s. 6d. net.
Plarr, Victor. *The Tragedy of Asgard*. Mathews, 1s. net.
Ainslie, Douglas. *Moments*. Constable, 1s. net.
Gibson, Wilfrid Wilson. *The Nets of Love*. Mathews, 1s. net.

POLITICAL.

Ireland, Alleyne, F.R.G.S. *The Far-Eastern Tropics*. Studies in the Administration of Tropical Dependencies, Hong Kong, British North Borneo, Sarawak, Burma, the Federated Malay States, the Straits Settlements, French Indo-China, Java, the Philippine Islands. Constable, 7s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS.

The Poems of Thomas Gray and William Collins. Newnes, Pocket Classics, 2s. 6d. net.
Smiles, Samuel, LL.D. *Robert Dick, Baker, of Thurso, Geologist and Botanist*. Murray, Popular edition, 3s. 6d.
Bishop, Mrs. (Isabella Bird). *Korea and Her Neighbours*. A Narrative of Travel, with an account of the Vicissitudes and Position of the Country. Murray, Popular edition, 5s. net.
Glover, Thomas. *An Account of Virginia, its Situation, Temperature, Productions, Inhabitants and their manner of planting and ordering Tobacco, etc.* Oxford : Blackwell, 3s. 6d. net.
Whittier, John Greenleaf. *Poems*. Blackie, Red Letter Library, 2s. 6d. net.
Blackie's English School Texts, Drake's *World Encompassed*, Napier's *Battles of the Peninsular War*, Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* (abridged). Blackie, 8d. each.
The English Counties. A series of Supplementary Readers. Lancashire. Blackie, 8d.
Brontë, Charlotte. *Vilette*. In two vols. Novels of the Sisters Brontë in ten vols. Dent, 2s. 6d. net each.
Carlyle, Thomas. *Oliver Cromwell*. With a Selection from his Letters and Speeches. Abridged and newly edited by Edgar Sanderson. Hutchinson, Library of Standard Biographies, 1s. net.
Beaconsfield, The Earl of. *Contarini Fleming*. A Psychological Romance, with an Introduction by Earl of Iddesleigh. Lane, the New Pocket Library, 1s. 6d. net.
Milton's *Paradise Lost*. Illustrated by Gustave Doré, edited with Notes and a Life of Milton by Robert Vaughan, D.D. Cassell. (See p. 623.)
Egan, Pierce. *Real Life in London, or the Rambles and Adventures of Bob Tallyho, Esq., and his cousin, the Hon. Tom Dashall, through the Metropolis*. Embellished and Illustrated with a series of Coloured Prints, designed and engraved by Messrs. Alkin, Dighton, Rowlandson, etc. Two vols. Methuen, Illustrated Pocket Library, 3s. 6d. net each.

SCIENCE.

Duncan, Robert Kennedy. *The New Knowledge*. A Popular Account of the new Physics and the new Chemistry in their relation to the new Theory of Matter. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s. net.
Peckham, George W. and Elizabeth G. *Wasps, Social and Solitary*. With an Introduction by John Burroughs. Constable, 5s. net.

SOCIOLOGY.

Shaler, Nathaniel Southgate. *The Citizen*. A Study of the Individual and the Government. Constable, 5s. net.
Holland, Robert Afton, S.T.D. *The Commonwealth of Man*. The Slocum Lectures, 1894. Delivered at the University of Michigan. Putnam, 5s. net.

SPORT.

Marshall v. Janowski. Games of the Paris Match, with Notes by F. J. Marshall. Kegan Paul, 1s. net.
Staunton, Howard. *Chess*. Containing the elementary portion of "The Chess-Player's Handbook." Drane, A B C Series, 1s.

THEOLOGY.

Outley, R. L. *The Religion of Israel*. A Historical Sketch. Cambridge University Press, 4s.
Macran, F. W. *English Apologetic Theology*. Hodder & Stoughton, 6s.
Mott, J. R. *The Home Ministry and Modern Missions*. A Plea for Leadership in World Evangelisation. Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.
Wrigman, A. Theodore, D.D. *The Blessed Virgin and all the Company of Heaven*. Some words for Peace. Mowbray, 5s. net.
Barber, Rev. Robert W. *Pentecostal Instructions for Teachers and for Devotional Use*. Weekly Lessons for the second half of the Christian Year. Mowbray, 1s. 6d. net.
Celestial Fire. Daily Meditations for Friday after Ascension Day to Saturday in Whitsun Week by the author of "The Sanctus Bell," etc. Mowbray, 1s. net.
Ford, Rev. Reginald. *Private Prayers for Schoolboys*. Mowbray, 9d. net.

TOPOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Thomas, Edward. *Beautiful Wales*. Painted by Robert Fowler, R.I., with a Note on Mr. Fowler's Landscapes by Alex. J. Finberg. Black, 20s. net.
Baring Gould, S. *A Book of South Wales*. Methuen, 6s.
Murray's *Hand-book of Travel-Talk*. Being a collection of Questions, Phrases, and Vocabulary in English, French, German and Italian. Stanford, 3s. 6d.

THE BOOKSHELF

Betting and Gambling; A National Evil. By B. Seebohm Rowntree. (Macmillan, 5s.)—That Mr. Seebohm Rowntree is sincere in his dislike of gambling is patent to all who may chance to read the work under notice; and we would not for a moment attribute to him that dishonesty of purpose which he does not hesitate to impute to the majority of persons who venture to differ from him in opinion. On page 106, par. 19, of the "Odds against the backer," it is stated: "Public backs the favourite, stable wins with outsider. See Dieudonné and Jeddah." The inference is as obvious as it is totally unfounded, and such reckless assertions will go far in the minds of all fair-thinking people to induce them to pause and consider before they accept as gospel either the ethics or the statistics of the author. The long chapter entitled "The Deluded Sportsman," which purports to be written by a "Bookmaker," is really funny, and did such a bookmaker exist, he would be assured of a numerous clientele, though it is doubtful if he would long remain in a position to pay his debts. We make no apology for quoting a genuinely amusing passage which will be found on page 178. It says: "The writer remembers travelling one day from Newcastle with a number of working men who were going to attend the races at Thirsk. They were evidently men who habitually betted and closely followed the betting in the papers. To any one with the slightest knowledge of horses (the italics are our own) their discussion, although accompanied by airs of profound wisdom, was in the highest degree amusing, the climax coming when one man, whose opinion was evidently greatly valued by the rest, gave us his reason for not backing a certain horse—"he wags his tail over much for me." Now that man knew what he was talking about; the swishing of a horse's tail is more often than not a clear indication of a shifty and uncertain disposition. Our author is of opinion that "Gambling is a disease which spreads itself downwards to the industrious poor, from the idle rich." This is a statement which is at least open to doubt. From prehistoric times men have gambled, and it is more than probable that they will continue to do so until the end of all things mundane. We can at all events congratulate Mr. Seebohm Rowntree upon having produced an amusing contribution to the faddist class of literature of the day.

The Preservation of Antiquities. By Dr. Friedrich Rathgen. Translated by George A. Auden, M.A., M.D., and Harold A. Auden, M.Sc., D.Sc. (Cambridge University Press, 4s. 6d. net.)—With German thoroughness the learned author of this little handbook, which has been admirably translated into English, devotes the first portion of his work to an examination of the changes that are produced in the various substances of which antiquities are composed by the action of the earth when they are buried, and by the air when they are exposed to the atmosphere. He illustrates these changes by examples that may be easily examined, many of them in the Royal Museum of Berlin, of which he is curator, and having thus clearly defined the dangers to be coped with by those responsible for the preservation of the priceless heirlooms confided to their care, he defines exactly what steps should be taken to prevent decay and to arrest it if it has begun. Beginning with inorganic substances, such as limestone, clay, Nile mud, sandstone, granite, iron, bronze and copper, he describes the various methods employed in their treatment by Krause, Krefting and other experts, passing thence to dwell on the best way of treating organic materials, such as bone, leather, amber, &c., concluding with a brief, but very instructive essay on the care of antiquities after preservative treatment.

Thirty years of work have gone to the compilation of Mr. Algernon Graves' book *The Royal Academy of Art, a complete Dictionary of Contributors and their Work from its Foundation in 1769 to 1904* (Henry Graves & Co., and George Bell & Sons. Two guineas net, each volume). The work has been compiled with the sanction of the President and Council of the Royal Academy, and the compiler has had the advantage of consulting Lord Rosebery's collection of Royal Academy Catalogues, which contain all Horace Walpole's notes. The first volume runs from Abbeyne to Carrington. Every care has been taken to ensure accuracy and after each letter a number of blank pages are left for owners of the book to fill in future years.

Messrs. Cassell have sent us a large quarto volume of Milton's *Paradise Lost* with the Doré illustrations, edited, with a Life of Milton and Notes, by Robert Vaughan, D.D. The inclusion of the Life is a good feature; but the literary introduction which follows appears to us quite out of place, and in a book which is produced primarily as a thing of beauty, and not for study by students, it seems to us that a foot-note, even so brief as those in this edition, spoils the look of the page without any compensating advantage. To explain that "Soldan" means Sultan, that "thralls" means slaves and that the bird of the nocturnal note is the nightingale, is to give us nothing in return for the unevenness which upsets the balance of an otherwise handsome page. The well-known illustrations are finely reproduced.

Messrs. Blackwood and Co., are bringing out in eight volumes (2s. 6d. each), a handy reprint of Burton's *History of Scotland from Agricola's Invasion to the Extinction of the Last Jacobite Insurrection*. Burton's History is universally acknowledged as at once the most learned, fair and interesting connected history of Scotland ever published. Modern research has necessarily invalidated a few of his conclusions, but the changes are such only as will affect specialists and do nothing to impair the great value of Burton's work.

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